The Saturday Review of Literature

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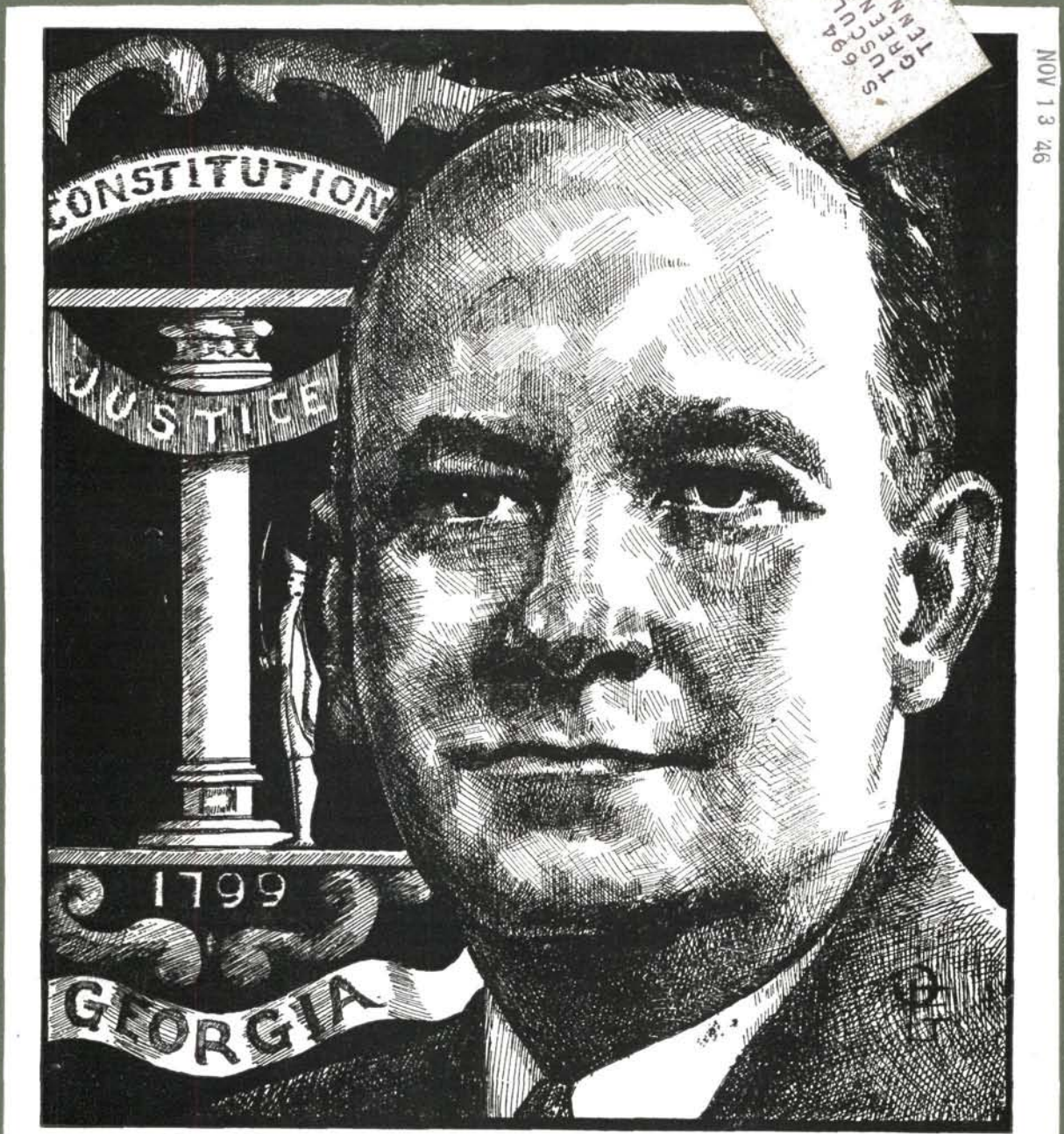

Ellis Gibbs Arnall, author of "The Shore Dimly Seen." (See page 13)

We Live in Romantic Times

BY HERMANN KESTEN

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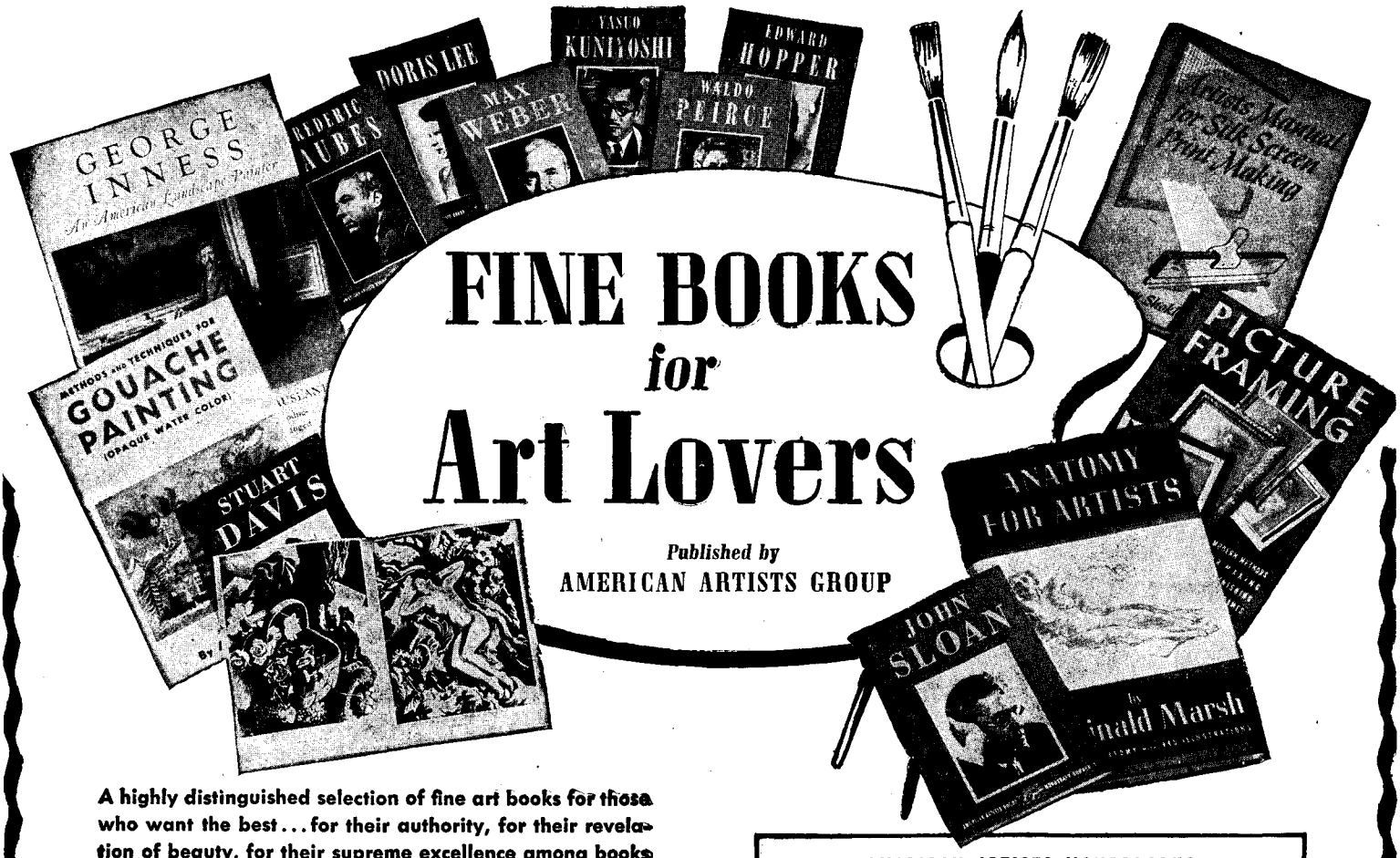

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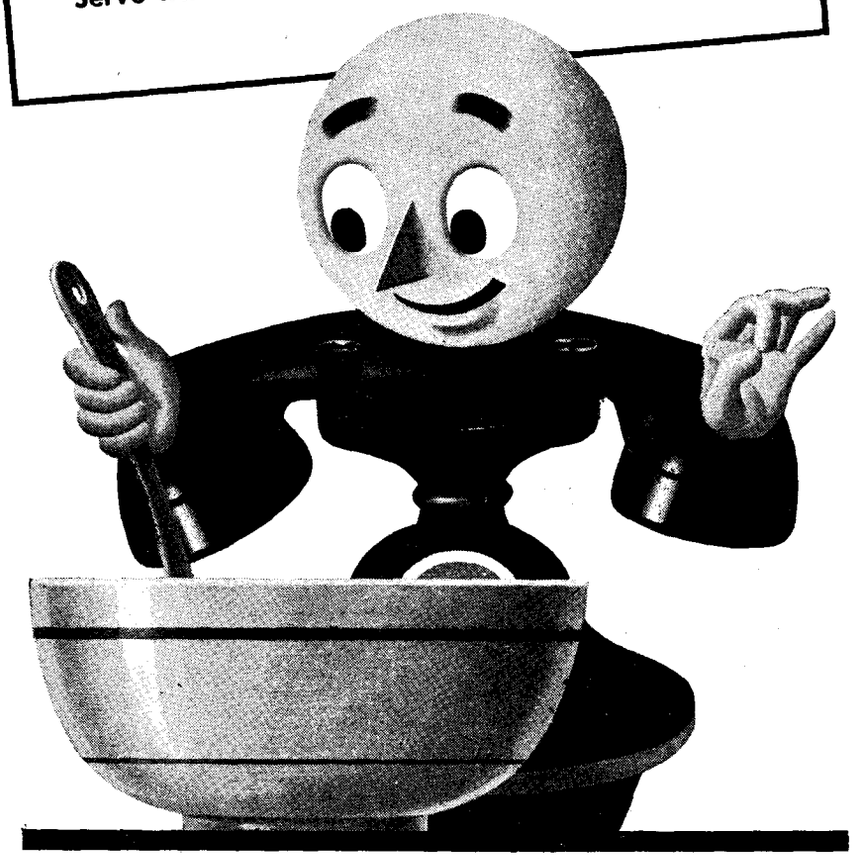

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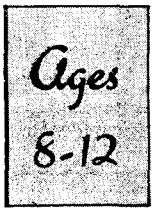

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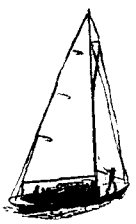
"From where I sit"

THE time has come, the walrus said, to talk of many things; and especially children's books.

The life of the child is fuller and more complicated than we think, probably because we don't remember very well. And we don't remember very well because when we were children, we lived in terms of the present, that is to say, our future-reference department was usually out to lunch. But memory or no memory, doctors of pussychiatry and our own department of Junior Books tell us that the child of today has a mind open to more than cabbages and kings.

For instance, HOWARD PEASE has just written a book for kids of high school age called **Heart of Danger.** Set in France and the U. S. during and after the war, it has all the excitement of the books we grown-ups have been feasting on in recent years. But it also tackles the current problem of intolerance, and if you happen to have heard any of the children's forums on the radio, you know that they are about the only group in this country who think straight on problems in spite of the prejudice instilled in them by their parents. A book of similar social significance for still younger folk is **Bright April,** written and illustrated by MARGUERITE DE ANGELI. The illustrations in this one help it along very sensibly.



Then there's **The Lion's Paw** by ROBB WHITE, which ought to make good reading for what our Henry Castor calls "middle-aged children." Its author, who spent four years in the Navy, knows more about sailing than you could shake a mizzenmast at. He and his wife have sailed all over the West Indies, and while he now lives in Georgia, he has owned an island down in the Indies. The book is about sailing, sailing midway between those two places, in Florida, and coupled with the fact that he knows how to make kids seem very real, the book is first rate.

For the smaller fry, there's **The Little Island,** a picture book by GOLDEN MACDONALD and LEONARD WEISGARD who did *Little Lost Lamb.* The illustrations are swell and the author again, in this case, lives close to her scene on the coast of Maine. I wish more of the authors who write for us elderly people would stick close to scenes they know.

A Doubleday Jr. Books catalog is a regular buying guide for any parent, and you can have one for the asking. By mail, please, to Jr. Books, Doubleday & Company, Dept SRL, Garden City, N. Y.

paul

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TRADE Winds

THE LUSTFUL PRINCESS

ANTHONY BUMP, the midtown book publisher, strode into his office at ten-forty-five sharp and found his editor, Richardson, waiting for him there.

"Who is that gal in the reception room?" asked Bump. "She'd be a knockout if somebody taught her how to dress herself!"

"She's just the one I'm waiting to talk to you about," said Richardson. "She brought us the darndest manuscript I've read in twenty years. It's about 500 pages too long, and she can't spell, and her ideas of grammar are unbelievable, but she's got a story—well, I'd like you to read this report on it yourself!"

Bump settled himself with his feet up on the desk, brushed aside the morning's unopened mail (including two wires and a radiogram), lit his pipe, and picked up the report. It read as follows:

TITLE OF MANUSCRIPT: The Lustful Princess

AUTHOR: Patricia Twickenham

READER: Richardson

This manuscript has to be read to be believed. In many respects, it is the worst piece of tripe that ever has come into the shop, but bearing in mind your remarks at the last editorial meeting that the house needs a walloping best-seller to carry the fall list, I don't think "The Lustful Princess" should be tossed aside without the most careful consideration. Leaving aside six or seven sub-plots, which can be eliminated completely (there are now 2038 typewritten pages of it!) the story goes like this:

Princess Gladys (or "Glad," as she is known to all) is the only child of King Maximilian of Beldonia, and a terrible trial to the old boy too. At the age of eighteen she has had 212 known lovers, and indulged in orgies so spectacular that even strict state censors have been unable to keep stories about them out of the papers. Several of these orgies are described in detail in the first 188 pages. I don't think more than four of them ought to appear in a book with our imprint.

King Max finally gets fed up with Princess Glad's didos, and banishes her to an island in the Pacific. One hundred and eighty-eight of the 212 lovers, desolate, stow away on the ship at the last moment to be with her. In a colorful scene, the old captain, who secretly craves Glad himself and who keeps 14 island beauties in his cabin, makes several stowaways walk the plank. Glad watches calmly, stroking an antique zither while the captain strokes the beauties.

Life on the South Sea island is pretty rugged, with the sea cap'n hanging about bent on fulfilling his evil designs, but one of the lovers finally throws him off a 300-foot cliff. Glad then goes off to swim in an emerald pool she has discovered on the island, but is interrupted by a bearded, ragged stranger who suddenly leaps out of the bushes. Glad grabs for her dress with one hand, and smacks him with the other, but for some reason her heart is beating as it never beat before. This would make a wonderful scene for a mail-order campaign by the Non-Literature Book Club. I think we ought to let them read the manuscript before coming to a final decision on it.

Suddenly a plane appears over the island, and a loud-speaker informs the exiles that King Max is failing fast, and wants to see his erring daughter again before he dies. She decides to sail home, but, just as she is packing, three wild boars attack her. The bearded stranger pops up at the crucial moment and kills them with a bowie knife. Glad is impressed. She invites him to come back to Beldonia with her. She takes his grunt to mean "yes."

Two days out at sea, the ship is caught up in a sixty-six-page typhoon (which can be cut to three). The captain, of course, is dead, and the lovers are better in a boudoir than on a bridge. The ship is smashed to bits. Glad appears to be the only survivor, but suddenly the bearded stranger floats up on some flotsam and jetsam, and the two begin swimming together.

Now an amazing thing happens. The buoyancy of the warm salt water, the play of the sunbeams on the shimmering waves, and the feeling of love stirring in her heart, suddenly rip the scales of wickedness from Princess Gladys's eyes. "I have been a bad, bad girl," she gurgles, "but now I know some unseen power is watching over me, to take me back to my people and let me lead them in the paths of righteousness." The bearded stranger agrees that she has something and Glad hears a voice from afar ringing a paean of thanksgiving in her ears. (Nelson Eddy would be just right for this part.) The voice gradually dissolves into the foghorn of an American destroyer, and the two swimmers know they are saved.

A last-minute complication ensues when a school of man-eating sharks turns up, but when they see the new beatific, saintly look on Glad's face, they are heartily ashamed of themselves, and swim off hanging their fins. The bearded stranger, no fool he, observes, "This is definitely a miracle."

The destroyer deposits Princess Gladys on the shores of Beldonia. The king sees at a glance that there is no more lust in her eyes. The people, too, know that their beloved Princess is a changed woman, and besides they hear that song in

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the air every time she passes. (Repeated often enough, this song should be Number One on the Hit Parade in short order. Berlin or Romberg could bat out a dilly.) After one chorus, murderers confess, a cripple throws away his crutches, and a restaurant owner hangs out a sign reading, "Porterhouse steaks, 35 cents." The prime minister gazes sharply at the bearded stranger, who has been hanging around in the background, and cries, "That beard doesn't fool me! You are the long-lost Prince Humbolt of our powerful neighboring kingdom, Valhallia!" "I can't hear you above a whisker," jokes Prince Humbolt, but he sees that the fat is in the fire, and the story ends with a technicolor wedding, four hundred doves, and a final chorus of the song that has turned a lustful princess into an angel of goodness.

Anthony Bump put down the report and stared out of the window for a moment. Then he said musingly, "You know, that girl would look mighty good in a Hattie Carnegie or Valentina ensemble. Sort of Jane Russell, if you know what I mean. I think the Book Fair crowds would go for her in a big way."

"Don't forget the department stores, too," added Richardson. "Maybe she could learn to play a zither herself while we are rewriting the entire manuscript. Let's see. Ten hundred and eighty-eight pages would be about right. I think we could get away with a $3.75 price in this market."

"That settles it," cried Bump. "We'll do it! Print a first edition of ten thousand. Tell the press it's a hundred and fifty thousand. Get me Gordon, at the ad agency."

"Sorry, boss," said Richardson. "He's playing golf today at the Admen's Field Day."

"Well, get me Finley, our publicity man."

"He's in Philadelphia to catch the opening of that new Rodgers-Hammerstein show."

"Then get Binks in here to plan the format and jacket design."

"He's in Detroit trying to get a new Mercury."

"Damnation," cried Bump. "Doesn't anybody work in this place but me? Why do I have to get all the ideas? Okay, sign the girl up. Wire MGM, Paramount, Fox, and Warner's that we're giving them an exclusive tip on a sure thing. We want $300,000 and twenty per cent of the gross."

Richardson took fire from his boss's enthusiasm. Within an hour Miss Twickenham was signed to a contract, and dispatched to a dressmaker's under the guidance of a fashion expert who just happened to be the daughter of an important columnist who recommended books every week on the radio. One or two of them he even read. A cocktail party was ar-

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Condensation rights were sold to fourteen digest magazines and 488 newspapers, and three radio chains announced that they had obtained exclusive rights to the Lustful Princess on the air. A special publicity counsel, who had been run out of Hollywood for tearing the Hays code to shreds, was engaged for a fee of $25,000 to make America Lustful Princess conscious. He immediately announced that every minister in the country owed it to his congregation to preach a sermon on the regeneration of Gladys. He further arranged for fifty luscious models to lose intimate bits of attire at important intersections. On the garments would be printed "Taken from the wardrobe of the Lustful Princess."

Full-page advertisements were placed in thirty-eight special book sections with intimate little notes to the editors, signed personally by Mr. Bump, that ended, "Of course, we do not *insist* on front-page reviews, but if you *do* praise the book, we hope you won't mind our featuring your quotes in our million-dollar campaign. Please send a photograph of yourself for this purpose."

Editor Richardson had one disquieting thought. "A book this long is going to use up a lot of paper, Boss," he said. "I'm afraid we'll have to cancel those new editions we had planned of Shakespeare, Swift, Donne, and the History of the United States."

"So what?" laughed Publisher Bump. "They're only textbooks, aren't they? I think I've done enough work for one day. I'm going up to the club and play a little squash."

At the club he ran into an old friend from Wall Street, who asked, "How's the publishing business these days?"

"The gross is holding up all right," said Bump with a frown, "but frankly, I'm worried about certain trends. A lot of upstarts have chiseled into the industry who don't seem to realize that book publishing isn't just an ordinary business, and that we have certain ethics to uphold, a certain obligation to the cause of literature."

He brightened as the steward approached with mint juleps. "Oh well," he said, "we've gone through such phases before and we'll do it again. After all, you can't fool the American public!"

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Have you heard of "operation Gooseberry"? In the orders for the invasion of Europe, Operation Gooseberry officially described the purpose and fate of sixty-seven ancient merchant ships, and four old warships. The ships were combed from the Allied fleets, taken from lay-up berths and repair yards; they were chosen sometimes only because coal consumption and lack of speed told against them. In secrecy they were stripped, holes were cut in water-tight blockheads, they were fitted with scuttling charges, then sailed to assembly ports. Let the book speak:

> "The ship we reached was completed and ready for the final inspection, waiting with a bare, forlorn look, half naked, stripped of derricks, winches, and fittings. The captain's cabin had the severe austerity of a hermit's cell. Only the bare necessities remained; and out on deck it might have been thought that she was forsaken but for her air of adventure. It was impossible to miss it. It peeped out through the eyes of the galley-boy who looked up from his potato peeling with a glance of fascinated speculation; it showed in the sudden jaunty swagger of a fireman passing a group of workmen who had fitted scuttling charges; and it was reflected in the dull glint from the guns that were being cleaned by the D.E.M.S. gunners. She had an air, for nothing was normal, and nothing was known beyond the certainty that this ship would sail no more after completion of whatever mission lay ahead."

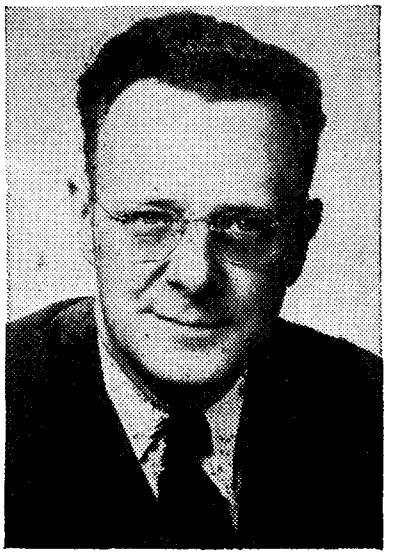
On the day of D-8 the full convoy of blockships was assembled. On the morning of D-6 they weighed anchor and proceeded. The speed was five knots. The slow crawl south was on; the invasion had started. Bluff-bowed, hog-backed, devoid of grace or beauty of line, they sailed with a dignity all their own—destined to a finer end than the inevitable breaker's yard that soon would have awaited them. They were manned by mixed crews of volunteer merchant seamen and naval ratings. Master Mariners and men alike knew only that their ships were going to be sunk, for that could not be hidden. But not until the evening of the assault, when the decision to invade was irrevocably fixed, did they know all that was required of them.

THE LAST PASSAGE is their story.

This book describes a vital and unusual part of the plan which made the invasion of Normandy possible. It is not just another "now it can be told" story. THE LAST PASSAGE is by a man who knows how to write about ships; it is pointedly understated, and at times achieves pathos and grandeur. Throughout, it sustains suspense and excitement in its tale of eerie doom.

The author is Lieutenant Commander J. E. Taylor. THE LAST PASSAGE, just published, is priced at $2.50, at your bookstore. MACMILLAN

So you think you know WASHINGTON?



Better read...

JONATHAN DANIELS'
FRONTIER *on the* POTOMAC

AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT OF OUR NATION'S CAPITAL

By the author of
A SOUTHERNER DISCOVERS THE SOUTH
A SOUTHERNER DISCOVERS NEW ENGLAND

Jonathan Daniels is intimately acquainted with the workings of our departmental democracy, from the White House to the least publicized of alphabetical bureaus. He knows both the formal and informal sides of Washington life— the senatorial committees and the "unofficial" hotel-room conferences, the stiff state dinners and the noisy cocktail parties. He knows that the whole of Washington is composed of a million parts, of tycoons and bishops, lobbyists and librarians, John L. Lewis and trim little stenographers from Minnesota. Jonathan Daniels gets all of this knowledge into *Frontier on the Potomac*, a lively book about our nation's capital and what goes on there.

$2.75 at your bookstore MACMILLAN

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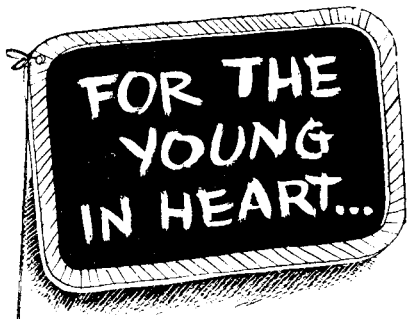
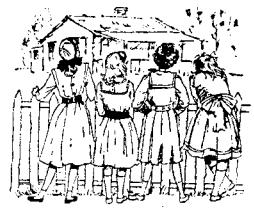


ONE OF THE HARDEST problems life presents to us is keeping a youthful heart while the calendar ticks off the inescapable years. We realize that we've grown up with the likes and dislikes, the bias or broadness implanted in us when we were very young. It is only today when *Superman* and *Alley Oop* seem miserably foreign, and bobby soxers no more familiar than a man from Mars, that we begin to wonder at ourselves and what might be called our cardiac age.

We wonder when we see the current crop of children's books what their readers will be thinking thirty years from today. And inevitably we think about what the men and women of today were reading thirty years ago. Since children's books are as much a part of our business as novels, non-fiction, poetry, and textbooks, we can tell you pretty accurately what 1946's prime-of-lifers grew up on. There was *St. Nicholas*, which published the proper things to curl up on a window seat with. There were, to list a few, *Cornelia Meigs'* MASTER SIMON'S GARDEN, *Ruth Sawyer's* THIS WAY TO CHRISTMAS, *Elsie Singmaster's* EMMELINE, *Mary Ellen Chase*. Holt itself published *Walter de la Mare's* PEACOCK PIE (we still do) and a *Padraic Colum* book. *Arthur Rackham* was the favorite illustrator, and *Lucy Fitch Perkins'* TWINS books were ubiquitous. The boys probably specialized in *Ralph Henry Barbour*, *Charles Pierce Burton*, the Boy Scout stories of *Walter Prichard Eaton*, *Joseph Altsheler* And while the girls stole a look at those, perhaps the boys borrowed *Augusta Seaman's* mysteries.

The young readers of 1916, in God's country, were still untouched by world war, unworried by problems of social or racial equality, little disturbed by talk of world peace and unity Perhaps the books we read then reflected that; perhaps their warm sympathy and imagination, which seem so ageless now, could flourish in any time. Many old favorites do live on, and Holt has completely redesigned two of them for the world citizens of 1975 to recall. They are *Carroll Watson Rankin's* DANDELION COTTAGE which dates back to 1904, and *Dorothy Canfield Fisher's* UNDERSTOOD BETSY from 1916. DANDELION COTTAGE has been out long enough in its new format to have provoked an amazing number of rememberers to write us of their pleasure in recollection. We have even considered the idea of starting a DANDELION COTTAGE Club for those who read Mrs. Rankin's book when it first appeared. UNDERSTOOD BETSY, on its way to bookshops as this is being written, will probably bring to its new audience the same "golden common sense" that was found in it in 1917. After all these years, Mrs. Fisher is still the champion of understanding as a force for a better world.



What else will 1975's mamas and papas remember? Disney? Gang Busters? Or the books coming off the hard-worked presses of 1946? The last thirty years have brought competitive entertainment and children's books have, of necessity, grown more lovely to look at and richer in the variety of their content. We ourselves have some candidates for longevity this season. There's THE MONKEY WITH A NOTION by *Glenn O. Blough* which the Junior Literary Guild tapped for distribution. *John F. De Cuir*, a Hollywood artist, shares the credit for the delicious down-to-earth humor of the Monkey who upsets a pet shop with his Notion. Since all good things come in threes, we shan't sign off without mentioning two more delights. There is EEMI: THE STORY OF A CLOWN by *Frances Duncombe*, whose HIGH HURDLES and CLARINDA have made her name familiar. Here too, the illustrations, in circusy, splashy black and white and red by *Marjorie Hill* seem as important as the story of the serious young student at the Clown School. Lastly, not down to earth, but down to city sidewalks, is THE BLOT by *Phyllis Crawford*. THE BLOT is a little city cat whose story is told by a good writer who is not only a cat owner, a cat lover and a cat observer, but who mixes a good drink as well.

That's just a sampling of what we'd like to say about children's books. We keep looking back somewhat longingly, and looking forward very hopefully, and wishing absurdly on the first evening star that someone will please come up to us and say "You know, you seem *much* too young to have white hair."

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The Saturday Review of Literature

We Live in Romantic Times

By HERMANN KESTEN

ROMANTICISM was, second only to the Renaissance, the greatest artistic revolution in the Western world. Like all revolutions it knew its enemies well; it knew precisely how it proposed to abolish and destroy them. But its goals, as usual, were pious and contradictory. It had great ancestors such as Dante, Rabelais, Cervantes, and Shakespeare. It had prophets such as Spinoza, Jean Jacques Rousseau, Thomas Paine, Kant, William Godwin, Fichte and Schelling. It had its models, such as Percy's "Reliques," Bürger's ballads and the false "Ossian" of James Macpherson; it had Horace Walpole, founder of the mystery and terror novel, Ann Radcliffe, the mistress of Gothic romance, Edward Young, the poet of the graveyard tradition, Thomas Chatterton, Robert Burns, William Blake, the *Sturm und Drang* movement in Germany, and Herder who sought poesy in all forms, in all literatures, among all nations.

In the last third of the eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth century, following the bloodless revolution in England and the bloody revolutions in America and France, certain groups of new and impassioned writers, philosophers, painters and musicians in England, France, North America, Germany, Russia, Poland, Italy and the other countries had begun a revolution of style and spirit. They accomplished an upheaval in all the arts, in form and content, in philosophy and in the sciences and in everyday life.

At the very moment when the world became bourgeois, civilization mechanized and society rationalized, when the big city grew dominant, life trivial, heaven godless, religion colorless and money all-powerful—at that very moment the romantic poets re-enchanted the sobered world. They did so by means of great art and lofty ideas, and also by such means as ghosts, false ghosts and sensual associations. With the magic wand of poesy they transformed everyday life. Nature and man became fairy tales.

They appropriated the great words and conceptions of the French Revolution—*Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.* They were devotees of democracy and humanitarianism: "Be embraced, millions!" Schiller sang, and Beethoven set it to music.

These were the great trends of romanticism: Liberation from the congealed formulas, rules and laws of classical literature (Théophile Gautier, in his "Histoire du Romantisme," called it the battle against "the hydra of classicism with its hundred peruked heads"); the "return to nature" preached by Jean Jacques Rousseau;

an inclination to individualism and universalism, cosmopolitanism and a new nationalism; and the rediscovery of the Middle Ages. Finally, there were the influences of the revolutionary wars and the Napoleonic Wars, with their compounding of European nations; all of Europe was a battlefield and armies and ideas moved quickly from country to country. It was the era of flux and great unrest.

In every country romanticism had a different kind of origin, a different course, different features and different consequences, and everywhere its slogans differed. Here, the romanticists headed the revolution and fought for the freedoms of the third estate, the bourgeois, or the proletarian; there they marched in the vanguard of reaction. They were idealists in one country, cynics in a second, and both at once in a third. They were illusionists and disillusionists.

Romanticism was the second great period of English letters, second only to the Elizabethan. The Lake School of poets founded new theories about the language and subject matter of poetry.

The German romanticists, Friedrich Schlegel in particular, discovered "romantic irony"—a variant of the Socratic irony which after Addison had come to be the ideal of European writers. Friedrich Schlegel proclaimed Goethe's novel, "Wilhelm Meister," the principal work of romantic irony, and he demanded such irony of every poet. Starting from the Socratic mixture of seriousness and jest, he defined this "romantic irony" as "constant self-parody," or as "transcendental buffoonery," or as "lucid awareness in the eternal agility of infinitely full chaos."

IN France Victor Hugo created his doctrine of the grotesque. The Russian romanticists, Pushkin and Gogol, were the fathers of realism. In Germany romanticism was more of a philosophical, in France more of an artistic, in England more of a social movement. The American romanticists discovered the romanticism of the forest and the ocean and the frontier, while in every country the romanticists sought mutual support in groups and circles.

Foreign literary influences were never as strong and as swift as among the romanticists. In Göttingen Coleridge studied German philosophy and translated Schiller's drama, "Wallenstein," and there he came under the influence of Kant, Schelling and Schlegel. Walter Scott translated Goethe's and Bürger's ballads and Goethe's drama "Götz von Berlichingen." Washington Irving influenced Heine; Goethe's influence was felt by Byron and Manzoni, Byron's by Goethe, Heine, Pushkin and Victor Hugo. Alfred de Vigny wrote under the influence of Walter Scott; Baudelaire was influenced in turn by Poe and Poe by E. T. A. Hoffmann; Hoffmann, Tieck, and Schiller influenced Brockden Brown and Hawthorne; German romanticism influenced the English school by which it was influenced in turn; Madame de Staël's book, "De l'Allemagne," carried the influence of German romanticism and philosophy into France; Lamartine, Goethe and Napoleon were Ossian enthusiasts, and so on. It went so far

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that Zola (who was of Italian descent, by the way, and whose naturalism is an illegitimate child of romanticism) called the French romanticists *"les bâtards des littératures étrangères."*

Every leader of romanticism had his own device. Victor Hugo said, "Romanticism is nothing else than liberalism . . . literary liberty is the child of political liberty . . . a new people, a new art." The magazine *Globe* in 1824 said, "Romanticism is Protestantism." But the German romanticist leaders, the two brothers August Wilhelm and Friedrich Schlegel, fell out because Friedrich Schlegel, like so many German romanticists, was converted to Catholicism. Most of the English romanticists were rebels, for democracy and against God.

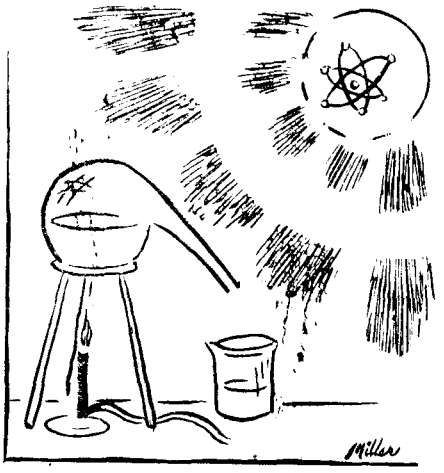
GOETHE called romanticism a disease but was one of its greatest instigators and models; he was its idol and at times succumbed to it. In England the romanticists fought against Pope, in France against Aristotle and his three dramatic unities, in Germany against Schiller. And Friedrich Schlegel with an eye to world literature, defined romanticism as progressive and universal poetry.

In most countries romanticism had several periods, an ebb and flood stage, and derivative schools such as symbolism, New England transcendentalism, the Pre-Raphaelite Movement, naturalism, neo-romanticism, expressionism, surrealism. Like all true revolutions, after the event the romantic revolution seems so self-evident and so essential a component of cultural history that one is tempted to ask in amazement how it happened to have a historic beginning, and whether it did not exist at all times. Its effect and consequences have not yet come to an end. It has stimulated our life of today in every field and in every direction, and cast art, music, literature and the sciences into new molds.

Some of the greatest romanticists, such as Goethe and Schiller, Pushkin and Gogol, Balzac and Stendhal, were romanticists only at one stage of their lives and at other times were enemies of the romanticists or were leaders of such opposing trends as classicism and realism. Others are part of romanticism with all of their work. Some even turned their own lives into works of romantic art.

And the end of many a romanticist finally was as highly romantic as it was darkly melancholy and, now and then, grotesque.

In old age, many of the classicists and realists became insipid, sober and dry. But many romanticists ended as potbellies or idiots, or as traitors to their golden illusions and shimmering



youthful dreams. They deceived themselves, or were deceived by the world. Poe and E. T. A. Hoffmann drank themselves to death; Lermontov and Pushkin died in duels—one for the honor of his faithless wife, the other by the hand of a friend he had caricatured in a novel. Gogol turned stupid and pious. Monsieur de Balzac died of Madame de Hanska; Silvio Pellico languished in jail for the freedom of Italy; Victor Hugo, Heine, Byron, Madame de Staël, Chateaubriand, Mickiewicz, Multatuli and so many others were forced into exile. Stendhal, hidden under pseudonyms, had to entrust his fame to the next century. Scott went bankrupt; Brentano came to credit miracles; George Sand wore trousers and cuckolded poor Musset; Tieck lost his talent; and Novalis lost his young life in the battle with tuberculosis.

We see how many poor, wretched, betrayed and crazy poets there were among the romanticists, how high a price many paid for their divine dreams, or how they let their dreams blind them to lives not otherwise bearable. But how gray and calculated art and the world would have remained had it not been for their dreams!

It is in the time of the all but unbearable, in the grotesque and pitifully wretched periods of history, among wars and revolutions and under the whips of tyrants, that romanticism blooms.

Now, after the Second World War, romanticism sets out to celebrate a new and widespread triumph.

Yes, we ourselves are living in the beginning of romantic times!

In our time great revolutions and world wars and world crises have rolled over the continents. The bankruptcy of reason and of manners increases. The old specters rise up from the graves of history. The demons we thought to be dead are riding in broad daylight. Irrationalism is triumphant; nationalism excels. Chemists, physicists, biologists are the modern romanticists; they dream, and make their boldest dreams come true. All ancient fairy tales and legends become true and trivial. We have already found the Blue Flower of the twentieth century, the miracle flower, the flower of fortune; the atomic bomb. Or is it a flower of misfortune, enchanted, and resembling the magic root spawned by a hanged man's seed. Was this miracle bomb spawned by the seed of suicidal mankind?

Modern life, our life, my life and yours—which in the eighteenth century looked like a triumph of reason, a sequence of acts of free and reasonable individuals, and in the nineteenth century like a successful scientific process, a highway to progress and to universal happiness and wealth, with poverty and disease decreasing and mortality well-concealed — has turned into a thicket, a neo-romantic fairy tale, a wilderness, a dream and a nightmare, a plain case of psychoanalysis, psychiatrists, obscurantists, charlatans, global visionaries and disciples of romantic schools.

OUR bold dreams of a better future, of a new happiness, a wilder, stronger love, our dreams of eternal peace are highly romantic tales. Relations with history, with animals, with love, with nature, with the sciences are traditionally romantic; many writers of today are the heirs, the sons and younger brothers of those romanticists of a hundred years ago; and most of our stories are romantic in character.

This is no miracle, for the modern story is a creation of the first romantic schools in Europe and America—as far as it is possible to speak of new forms and ideas in the field of art. At least we may say that the modern short story is closer to the tales which the romanticists told in their anthologies, and in the magazines which they reformed at the time, than, for example, to the novelettes of Boccaccio or Cervantes or to the rhymed tales of Chaucer.

And as it frequently happens in art that the first masters of a new form are at the same the best and most original, so it seems to me that the tales of the romantic poets, of a Walter Scott and Balzac, a Washington Irving and Poe, a Goethe and Hawthorne, Pushkin and Gogol, Melville and Manzoni, Heine and Andersen, have never been surpassed.

The foregoing article constitutes the introduction to "The Blue Flower," an anthology of romantic stories edited by Hermann Kesten. It will be brought out later this month by Roy Publishers.

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The Essence of the American Spirit

THE SHORE DIMLY SEEN. By Ellis Gibbs Arnall. New York: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1946. 312 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HODDING CARTER

IT WILL be a brash Southerner who, after reading "The Shore Dimly Seen," undertakes to write another study of the South, its problems, and its challenge. It will be only the most professionally derisive of the Northern liberals who, after reading this book, will fail to temper his South-lampooning with a balancing acknowledgment of Ellis Arnall. And only such Americans as have given way completely to the prophets of hopelessness and doom can fail to take heart and to find pride and guidance in what a thirty-nine-year-old Georgia governor has to say to and about his region, his country, and—unselfconsciously—himself.

Here is a book which transcends the regionalism from which it arises, and becomes the essence of what we like to think of as the American spirit: hopeful, fighting-mad at injustice (and all injustice in and to the South is not racial), buoyant, experimental, and free. It is not a biography, though enough of Ellis Arnall's small-town Georgia life, his personality, and political accomplishments break through to make you believe you know him and want to know him better.

Nor is it a continuous narrative, save that all facets of the democratic experiment are examined in these interdependent essays. Yet out of it all two stories emerge: the story of a man who can lay proper claim to being "a democrat with a small 'd'," and the story of what this nation, and not the South alone, can and must become.

Before I began reading, I had misgivings. This would be at best just another book by another of that growing group of Southern liberals, a half defensive recital of wrongs committed and grievances suffered. Moreover Ellis Arnall is obviously a political figure, albeit an honorable and exciting one; and politicians in the South and elsewhere have a habit of using any available vehicle as a means of putting themselves out in front. And even if he had anything new and significant to say, whoever heard of a Southern governor who could so modify the technique of the hustings as to calm down?

But the first three pages ended such misgivings. And, although this comment may be minor, being a literary one, "The Shore Dimly Seen" is written with passionate clarity, a poetic sensitivity for meanings, and a disregard for the intellectual snobbishness which bars admission of intellectual inspiration. Thus, it is as happy in its expression of ideas as it is significant in the ideas themselves. And there is something deeply satisfying in the discovery of a Southerner who not only speaks honestly and hopefully and brilliantly for the South but who rears back to comment, just as ably, on the rest of the nation. Man bites dog.

For only secondarily is Ellis Arnall speaking to and of the South. He is talking to America, and in what he says he proves his right to do so. In the nineteen chapter-essays of his book, he discusses as many aspects of the national scene, even though the starting points of some are regional. When he tells of the flim-flam of the freight rate differentials, which he victoriously argued before the Supreme Court and through which the South has been held in industrial serfdom, he is not simply or even foremost a regional pleader. He is giving us an eye-witness report on the whole sorry, menacing story of monopoly and of colonial exploitation within America.

When he speaks for state's rights he is not a Southern demagogue hiding evil practices behind a phrase. He is challenging the forty-eight states to preserve through trial and daring, as he did in Georgia, the proper balance of American government. When he demands an end to the erosion of human beings and of land, he is not intervening for Tobacco Road and the Negro alone but for the Oakie and the Dust Bowl, and the Americans who are by ancestry Jewish and Mexican and Oriental. And throughout runs the theme of a program which should be required reading for every American capable of being taught that this is one nation and that this nation is part of one world. This program should not be condensed, lest it be misunderstood. But the risk must be taken.

Ellis Arnall bespeaks:

The decentralization of industry to permit the development of industry now underdeveloped and having sub-standard incomes.

The abandonment of a colonial policy toward the Southern and Western states.

(In the distribution of Federal assistance to the aged, to highways, to dependent children, to public health and to vocational rehabilitation, the deliberate policy, mitigated somewhat since the advent of the New Deal in 1933, has been to maintain colonialism and a low standard of living. Federal grants-in-aid have been predicated upon an "ability to match Federal funds,"

"I forget which it is my husband wants—it's the one that's always harping on free enterprise."

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with a result that Southern states must levy crippling taxation or provide inadequae services; usually they split the difference and do both to some extent.)

Establishment and enforcement of a system of free enterprise in the United States.

(This will entail the adoption of a policy of smashing monopolies instead of coddling them.)

Reestablishment of a decentralized system of government in the United States.

(The basis for decentralization exists in state governments. If these will demonstrate their capacity for responsibility, the problem of decentralization will be half solved. . . . It is neither impossible nor improbable that in future years increasing authority will be given regional offices of Federal agencies and that fewer decisions will be made in Washington.)

Provision for mutual job insurance for all the American people.

(There is no essential difference between an agreement by the citizens of the country to outlaw unemployment and an agreement by the citizens of a village to provide for a community garbage collection system. . . . There can always be as many jobs as there are Americans in the normal labor force, if we want them.)

Adoption of a foreign policy that will permit the United States to live at peace.

(We cannot enforce our ideas, our philosophy, our way of life upon other men in other nations. But we can adopt a foreign policy that will enable us to live with other nations. . . . It is apparent that we have neglected to think of the possibility that close attenion to our domestic problem is a needful prelude to world peace. . . . The retreat of democratic philosophy in the years since 1900 has been one of the major causes of a disorganized world.)

What I have written can give neither the meat nor the marrow of "The Shores Dimly Seen." Too much is there for that. But perhaps the final sentences can convey what I have not:

> From such a land we must eliminate justice and disunity and selfish greed. Into the mind of Jefferson, as he wrote his last letter, as into the mind of Sam Adams when he wrote the first of those to the Colonial Committees of Safety, recurred the words of that rigid old Puritan, Richard Rumbold, undaunted on the scaffold:
>
> > I could never believe that Providence had sent a few men into the world ready booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden.
>
> . . . We can have freedom, if we make the freedom of other men our concern, because nowhere in all the world can some men be free, until everywhere all men are free. And they will be free on the shore dimly seen. . . .

Mr. White Surveys the World

THE WILD FLAG. By E. B. White. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1946. 201 pp. $2.

Reviewed by MARK S. WATSON

E. B. White: "War is becoming increasingly unpopular with warriors."

SO long ago as June 1943, a year before the Normandy invasion, Mr. E. B. White was soberly eyeing a psychiatrist's current diagnosis of Germany as a paranoiac. "The question is not whether Germany is incurably paranoid," observed Mr. White, "but whether her enemies are incurably nationalistic." In the three years which followed, and in particular during the past year of adventure with the atomic bomb, Mr. White has seen little to mark a reduction in nationalism, or an increase in man's trust in man, or even a will to the peace which comes from cooperation and generosity of thought, as well as of deed—the only enduring peace which man, individually or collectively, will ever encounter.

Mr. White's fitfully recurring hopes, his more numerous and more prolonged despairs, and his continuing pleas for a better world than we are likely to get in our time have been uttered from time to time in those notes and comments which weekly open *The New Yorker's* Talk of the Town. A number of these extracts now are offered in book form under a title stemming from a fantasy included in those excerpts. (Following the next, and almost totally destructive World War, surviving nations send their delegates to a world convention. The Chinese delegate, instead of a conventional banner, bears a simple and universal blue iris [the wild flag, if you remember your botany] and proposes that all the nations adopt it as their universal flag, thus making it impossible for any quarrelsome nation to insult another's flag very convincingly.)

That was a dream, remember, but it lingers long in Mr. White's waking memory, helping to persuade him that the case for unified world government, however unattainable at the moment, is worth stating and endless restating. Only authority above the national level, he is convinced, ever will remove war from our ghastly routine. But how convince governments of that fact?

Two things encourage Mr. White faintly: (1) the daily sight of a cosmopolis where men *do* live at peace "with strangers, newcomers, and 'the objectionable elements' . . . and . . . enjoy the peace that goes with government"; and (2) the fact that "war is becoming increasingly unpopular with warriors." We wish that there were more than two encouragements, and that they were more potent. We wish that the persuasive reasons for peace would reside in man's consciousness, not merely when he is reasonable (and abstains from war) but when he is unreasonable, which seems to be most of the time, particularly in election year. For if man were continuously reasonable, he would share Mr. White's puzzlement over such things as "why, if supremacy is right for Americans, isn't it right for Russians . . . or Guatemalans?"

Without some degree of self-effacement and determined eschewal of aggression, as well as prevention of aggression by someone else, Mr. White observes sadly, the United Nations are no more united than are fifty-one marbles in a dish. Individual men in private life know this, of course, whether the nations' chancellors do or not, and that is why at San Francisco the plain citizens in the audience burst into spontaneous applause when the Chinese delegate said: "If there is any message my country wishes to give to this Conference, it is that we are prepared . . . to yield if necessary a part of our sovereignty to the new international organization, in the interest of collective security." Nothing more essential has been said, but there was no echo of that sentiment, then or later, and while some small nations' sovereignty may indeed have been yielded of late, it was not a voluntary yielding, nor in the direction of a benign internationalism.

In Mr. White's later pages comes a

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sad little comparison of San Francisco's bold preparations for a league of sovereign nations to a group of little girls' eager preparations for a lawn party, with a thunderstorm lowering overhead. The thunderstorm did come. Now, a year later, the one memorable thing about the United Nations he finds to be "how desperately people want a world order, and how willing they are to invest the new organism with the authority without which it never can properly function. . . . The only condition more appalling, less practical, than a world government is the lack of it in this atomic age."

Who, witnessing the recent conference in Paris, or the Council at Lake Success, will differ with Mr. White? Who, at the coming meeting of the General Assembly, will say anything so truthfully voicing the yearnings of a dismayed world?

Behind Allied Operations

THE BRERETON DIARIES. By Lewis H. Brereton. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1946. 426 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by S. L. A. MARSHALL

NO commander ever had a richer personal experience from which to write a diary than Lieutenant General Lewis H. Brereton. For of none other can it be said as truly that he fought all around the world. Just look at the man! When the war began, he was in command of the Philippines' air. That job was over almost before it started, the enemy having destroyed most of his planes on the ground. He says this was not his fault, that he asked Douglas MacArthur for permission to attack Formosa but the orders never came. The latter has already said "no" to that and the matter will probably end there, as neither party is known for his pursuit of historical truth.

The next scene finds Brereton in Australia, helping to bolster its air defenses. He arrives at Java in time for the final curtain. Then on to India, Burma, and China, where Allied forces are in rout and Joe Stilwell is taking defeat with his chin up. Next comes the Middle East, followed by North Africa. In Britain he takes the Ninth Air Forces as the defensive phase nears conclusion. On the Continent he commands the First Allied Airborne Army. In point of unique opportunity, no military diarist has ever promised more, and it is really too bad that the promise is not fulfilled.

Brereton says in the beginning that he has not tried to write a history but has concentrated on giving a record of events as seen from his position. But this is not correct. The main fault in his book is that he has tried to write too much history into it, and has done it very inaccurately, and that he has failed signally to deal with those matters which seem clearly and reported fully at his own level would nourish alike the interest of those who are making an intense study of war and the reader seeking only entertainment.

However, the latter is likely to find the Diaries refreshing. They are well though lively written. There is ample reporting of the stuffier kind of activity which so largely engrosses a higher headquarters to the amusement of the home front—the much-ado over medals, the brandy and cocktail drinking, gossip and rumor, the intimate chat with a prime minister, the bestowal of praises by a higher commander, and so on. At least the writer has not gone as far overboard on these subjects as did the late Colonel Repington in his diary called "The First World War" and he excels that sometimes over-rated authority in his ability to convey a clear picture of overall situation and the reasoning behind Allied operations.

This strategical frame is illuminated by many episodes from the battle, both by air and by land, wherein the author is quite apt to make his identifications perfectly and go off half-cocked on major tactical details.

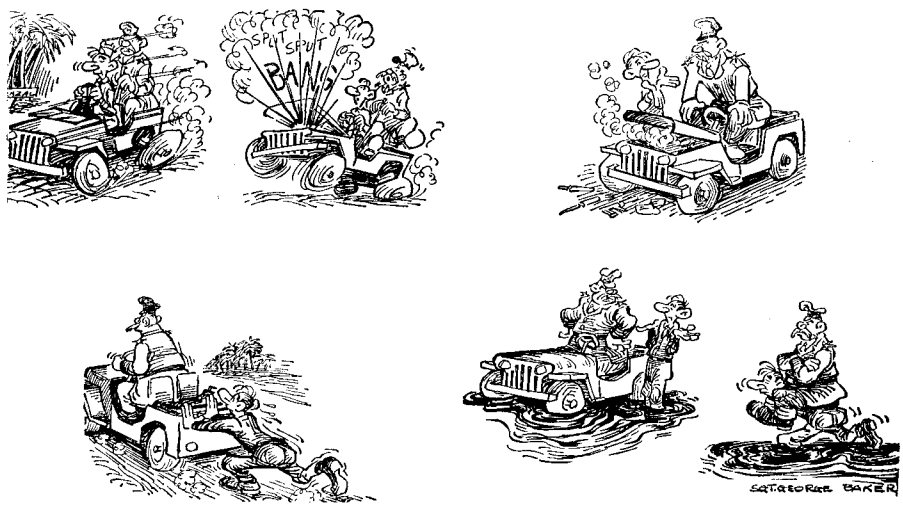
What then is missing? Chiefly, that one sees here no reflection of a commander thinking deeply about the art of war or making of record its chief problems at the level where he operates.

Yet that should be the main object in a diary, for nothing else can give it permanent value. The conflict between personalities and its bearing upon decision, the pull-and-tug between general staffs and governments over opposing strategies, the battles won and lost at the conference table—these things are the warp and woof of history at the high levels and I think it a reasonable expectation that they should appear in a higher commander's diary.

Having been behind the scenes I am perhaps too much aware that Brereton makes appear sterile some of the most important staff conferences of his day and draws a veil over some of the major lessons from his own operations. As examples, the omission of the Overlord-Anvil controversy prior to invasion, the accrediting to Montgomery of a plan that was in fact Eisenhower's, the surprising revelation of Churchill's real attitude in the final briefing of high commanders, the failure to be candid about the bad drop in Normandy, etc.

Whether this weakness in the Diaries stems from an over-cautious attitude toward matters once top secret or from a lack of sense of history, one cannot say. But it may well be the latter. In the E.T.O., the Theatre Section had to take over the extra burden of covering airborne operations in detail because uniquely in Brereton's headquarters the unit which should have been doing historical duty was assigned to writing publicity "poop" about headquarters.

THE CHAUFFEUR



—*From "The Sad Sack."*

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W. B. Yeats' Limberness and Grace

J. B. YEATS: LETTERS TO HIS SON, W. B. YEATS AND OTHERS, 1869-1922. Edited by Joseph Hone. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1946. 304 pp. $4.

Reviewed by MARY M. COLUM

HOW J. B. Yeats came to emigrate to America at the age of sixty-nine, living here continuously the remaining fourteen years of his life, is a diverting story. A number of Dublin friends became solicitous for the old painter to see the great Italian galleries before he died. "Think of it," exclaimed Sarah Purser, "J. B. has never seen the Florentine galleries or the Vatican!" Urged by her, a few of his friends got together and presented him with a check. But J. B. brushed the Italian galleries aside and bought a ticket for New York. His daughter Lily was going there for a short business visit, so he had company on the voyage out.

Once arrived in America nothing nor nobody could induce him to leave it; he loved it, and no appeals from his family could get him home. New York especially delighted him—the tall buildings, the noisy elevated railways, the pace of life, his new friends, and then, too, the expectancy that never left him of making a fortune. Other Irishmen had made fortunes, so why not he? Then he loved the rivers. In the bleakest weather he would walk from the Hudson to the East River and arrive at the apartment we had then in Beekman Place, at that time a forgotten and dingy part of the city. He would sit drinking tea, looking out on the East River, and talking endlessly but not dominatingly, and always full of plans. In New York he was not quite the same J. B. that he had been in Dublin; there he was the well-known Academician, and his friends were the solid people of the town like the whiskey-distilling Jamesons with their grand house, the judges, and the Trinity College professors. The Yeats family, in fact, seemed to be running the town, culturally anyway. J. B.'s wardrobe was supervised by his daughters so that he always presented a handsome, well-groomed appearance. Here in New York he felt freer to wear anything that was handy, and his occasionally ravelled collars and shirt cuffs, and his much darned woolen gloves mended anew every winter by Mlle. Petitpas would have shocked his daughters and his carefully garbed poet son. Here J. B. also felt freer to choose his friends, and much as he loved and admired his family he seemed pleased to be at a distance from all domestic bonds. Then his table in the dining room at Petitpas's came to provide him with a lively audience for his conversation.

Here his talents took a new turn: he began to write both prose and verse and to lecture to submissive and admiring audiences. His prose, as any reader of this collection of his letters can see, was that of a born writer, with a limberness, spontaneity, and grace such as his great poet son never really had, for W. B.'s prose was too often measured. It may be indeed that J. B. took the wrong turn when he became a painter instead of a writer. These letters show not only all the interests of a writer but the training of a writer which unconsciously he had acquired. His comments on literature are, in interest and profundity, away beyond his comments on painting. However, that he was a great portrait painter many experts believe, and certainly his John O'Leary is a magnificent portrait as is his portrait of himself. In literature he was really immersed; he had read everything, and he had the good Dublin training in the classics. What could be more to the point than his advice to his poet son when he first began to write verses? It is here in letter nine. "I tell him prose and verse are alike in one thing—the best is that to which went the hardest thoughts. This also is the secret of originality, also the secret of sincerity."

J. B. was really a man of the eighteenth century with a coating of the romantic on top, and like the people of the eighteenth century his mind went into letter writing and conversation naturally. His letters give the impression of an enormous leisure as if there was nothing else to do in life except ruminate and to get down for his friends as much rumination as possible. His best prose is in his letter writing, for he always knew the interests of their recipients, his children or his friends, but his essays and his articles were a shot in the dark; he did not know who would be their readers, so they lacked the ease and naturalness of his letters.

For him the ideal life would have been that of a peripatetic philosopher, strolling around plane tree groves with a group of disciples belonging to the arts and advancing the idea that the esthetic was the only good life. Though he never cared for money and had no sense of it, he had great plans for making a fortune—he wasn't quite sure how, sometimes he thought as a successful portrait painter, sometimes as a successful writer, and at the end of his days, he thought he might make the fortune on a play he was writing. Shortly after coming here he wrote to his son, "If I had a studio and peace of mind for a few weeks I would start a great career here as a portrait painter." Another time he wrote, "Mrs. Fleming by cards predicted a great good fortune to come suddenly and it has come. Yesterday morning in about three hours I wrote for Knoedler & Co., the great picture dealers, an introduction for their catalogue to the Whistler exhibition, and they were so pleased that they said they would give me $35 for it and when I received my cheque it was for $50 and when I spoke of this they said, 'yes, because it was so good'."

All the letters in this collection are not from J. B., some are to him. One from his son W. B. throws cold water on that play of his that he believed would bring him wealth and fame. "It is the least good of all your writings," wrote the poet, and how squashed J. B. was by that letter! And W. B. goes on to say with that pomposity he never could avoid when writing to people about their plays—which later was to make Sean O'Casey leave the Abbey Theatre—"A play looks easy, but it is full of problems which are almost a part of mathematics."

After writing an essay or an occasional poem, J. B. would turn to portrait painting again. His last picture was a self-portrait commissioned by John Quinn. "I'm delighted with it," he wrote Quinn. "When you get it and it is hung on your walls it will have a stark reality that will outweigh all the other portraits, even John's [Augustus John] portrait of you." John Quinn had promised to pay whatever he asked for this portrait, and again J. B. felt he was going to make his fortune. With the money, he said, he would return to Ireland with myself and my husband who planned to go in the summer of 1922.

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"We'll paint the town red," he declared gleefully, but alas, he did not live until summer; he died in the early part of '22, the portrait still unfinished.

In the last letter of his in this collection he tells John Quinn how he was one of ten poets who read the evening before at the MacDowell Club. I had got up a poetry reading for a MacDowell Colony benefit, and had asked J. B. to read a poem that he was very proud of, "Autumn." He was happy at the prospect, especially at his place in the middle of the program originally meant for Amy Lowell who insisted on being placed last, the place of honor, she said, due to a poet of her standing. Just before the reading started J. B. telephoned in a trembling voice to say he thought he was too tired to come, but I urged him. And this tall old man reading his poem about old age stole the show. But his weariness was real, and a week later he was dead.

There are two introductions to these letters, one a memoir by the editor, Joseph Hone, and a preface by J. B.'s old friend Oliver Elton. This old friend's comment on J. B. as "anti-English in all his traditions and convictions" seems to me to show some misunderstanding, for J. B. was not as much anti-English as non-English with a total remoteness from English interests and English traditions. His love of America did not prevent his making some very sharp criticisms of Americans; they run through the letters, as well as unfavorable comment on democracy as a way of civilization. But he is always filled with delight at the spectacle of American life. As he said himself, "We love people because of their faults." And as he details American faults he shows his fondness for them. Even if he had lived ten years longer I doubt if he could ever have taken himself away from America. "The more I see of Americans, the more I admire them," he writes. "I believe myself they are far ahead of all nations, and will in time produce the greatest poetry and the greatest art."

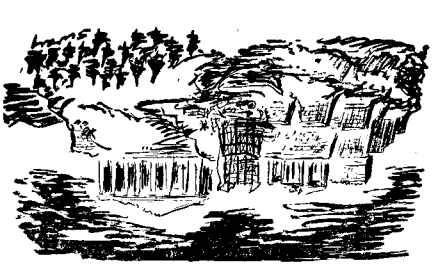
Conservative Alarmism

BY VOTE OF THE PEOPLE. By William J. Ballinger. Foreword by John Chamberlain. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1946. 358 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by T. V. SMITH

THIS book has a popular theme, though the author—as we authors are wont—overestimates the novelty of it. The theme is that social decay comes from within, that indeed free societies have a way of *voting* themselves into servitude. In a sort of black-and-white mood, the author names eight "free" governments of the past—Athens, Rome, Florence, France of the First and of the Third Republic, Weimar Germany, and modern Italy—and shows, or thinks to show, that five of the eight "voted" away their liberties. To this "novel" conclusion one is tempted to reply: "Of course. How else would a democratic government go to hell, if it be hell-bent, than by exercise of its own genius, even if expiring genius?" Did anybody ever think that the mechanism of suffrage, or the majority principle itself, could *guarantee* wisdom of output or felicity of outcome? One may grieve over the result of democratic unwisdom but he can hardly be surprised enough at it to deluge with deference such romantic adventures as this book makes into histories. If history is to be demoted from grand opera to a morality play, I prefer such frankness (modestly concealing much sound scholarship) as Henry Haskell's "The New Deal in Ancient Rome" (a book, incidentally, not listed in Mr. Ballinger's bibliography).

With a proper preface, I mean to suggest, this book might well have begun where the first part ends, halfway through; and thus have left enough white paper for another frightened conservative to view modern America with noisy alarm. Not that there is not cause for concern; but, rather, that there is never justification for alarm. Least of all by a conservative. Eschewing the language of emotion and avoiding the techniques and tempo of radicalism in beating a retreat to the *status quo ante*, the true conservative should respect his medium, which is tradition, and honor his faith, which is in slow, unconscious change. Ambivalence in conviction breeds ambiguity of confidence. If the conservative does not have the courage to abide mass inertia, he should not set out at a time like this to out-deal the New Dealers, whom this one professes to counter and to correct. Conservatism should be made of sterner stuff. Its true exponent should emblazon on his mast



that stolid credo enunciated in radical context by Thomas Jefferson: All experience hath shewn, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed."

Conservative effort that is scholarly, or would be classic, should honor faith in unpremeditated gradualism with the overture of our latest if not truest conservative, Justice Holmes: "I have no belief in panaceas and almost none in sudden ruin." So believing and so feeling, the conservative should never be in a hurry to avert disaster, for if it be not of God it will come to naught. Habit is bulwark for virtue, and folkways are the breakers for collective folly. Like an action-happy radical, however, this anti-New Dealer but pseudo-conservative declares: "The details of reform must be served up fast if reform is to succeed." This will not do as mood or method, not even if it mixes wisdom with history, because it does the mixing in haste.

Mr. Ballinger's emphasis, for instance, upon the overconcentration of wealth as mighty contributor to the decline of liberty is standard pabulum for concern; but conservative concern must pursue its own preestablished orbit if it is to maintain confidence in its integrity, and that orbit calls for gradualism in correction as for gradualism in construction. I have emphasized the discrepancy between mood (alarmist) and method (gradualistic) because it seems to me to explain the slightness of result to be expected from such an effort at national salvation as this book makes. The author himself seems hopeless enough of arresting our civilization on the road to ruin. The means he proposes (*e.g.*, enforcement of anti-monopoly policies, *government* aid to small business, etc.) more often than not themselves require means not politically available. So he sings a swan-song over the heyday of freedom in this land. He may be right. But—mark it as of cosmic significance!—he may also be wrong. It requires more than pessimism to doom a massively moving enterprise like this young and vigorous nation. Those who really help decide this momentous issue, eschew alarm, cultivate quiet insight, and prescribe means, however modest, that are at hand for ends that are desirable and achievable.

For twenty-five cents the reader may get, historic metaphors apart, all that this reviewer found valuable in the book, and may get it more solidly reasoned in Henry Simon's unimpassioned pamphlet "A Positive Program for Laissez Faire" (also not listed in Mr. Ballinger's bibliography).

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Doorway to Disillusion

DARLING, I AM HOME. By Donald Hough. New York: W. W. Norton & Co., Inc. 1946. 176 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by NIVEN BUSCH

WHEN World War I started, in 1914, Donald Hough was delivering newspapers at Mahtomedi, Minn. A few miles away Harold Stassen was doing the same thing with the same paper—the St. Paul *Daily News*. Donald Hough was older than Stassen and in due course he was drafted. He came out a lieutenant. In World War II, commissioned from civilian life, he was a captain. I don't believe that, either time, he had more than an ordinary amount of resistance to army discipline or more than an ordinary amount of resentment for the strange combination of forces which had tossed him into a job as unsuitable to his nature as it was anachronistic to the culture which had produced him. To him, as to the soldiers he observed, the army was ". . . simply an accident . . . a loud discordant noise that after a while would stop. . . . They went through the terrific routine of the salute, but with a certain blank expression they had invented to go with it. . . . Those two fine old American Institutions, the Lip Service and the Mental Reservation, for once formed a happy combination in the best interests of all. . . ."

Donald Hough analyzes some typical Lip Service in our national thinking: ". . . that all men are equal regardless of race, color or creed . . ." (not, of course, including all races, colors, creeds); ". . . that (we) are ready to fight for the inalienable right of self-determination of people . . . (not to be construed as a license for anybody to adopt any form of government that does not suit America's purpose). He never did any real fighting but he lost six years out of his life, in two stretches, and he is trying to find out why. He doesn't claim he knows; he's asking the questions, not giving the answers.

"Darling, I Am Home" is a kind of book that seldom gets written. It is not a novel, a biography, a tract, or any other accepted form of literature with a recognizable purpose except one man's purpose to be honest with himself about his times. Technically, he addresses his reflections to his wife, but I think really he is addressing them to a generation younger than his own, saying in effect, "Look, fellows, it happened twice to me, and the reasons the headmen dished out didn't make sense, the second time either. Let's give some of this a shaking out, before it happens twice to you, too."

"Darling, I Am Home" must have been a tough book to write. It doesn't subscribe to anything or recommend anything, it just examines. It is a passionate rejection of hypocrisy as a way of life and it is written with the clarity and fearlessness which such a theme demands. Mr. Hough's former newsboy comrade, Mr. Stassen, won't like it: neither will the emotional apologists who dramatized their share in the war and the peace and kept on dramatizing even when the results blew up in their faces.

Mr. Hough doesn't think our use of the atom bomb was a triumph of civilized warfare or even strictly necessary, in a military sense. He doesn't think the real reasons our draftees died in Normandy, Africa, Italy, and the weird Pacific jungles was to bring freedom to what Mr. Roosevelt called "all people." He doesn't regard the Nuremberg trials as a major contribution to legal precedent—but he does believe that if we don't start writing truths down in plain language we may soon be in a mess as bad as No. 2.

Donald Hough is not a profound or constructive thinker, but he is an eloquent one, and his conclusions in a time of confusion and falsity have a very healthy ring.

The War to Fight a War

BOY FROM NEBRASKA. By Ralph G. Martin. New York: Harper & Bros. 1946. 208 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by MERLE MILLER

WHEN in December 1941 Ben Kuroki tried to enlist in the U. S. Army, he was not very much different from most small-town Americans. One of a sometimes hungry family of ten, he lived in Hershey, Nebraska, population 487.

But it took the Army recruiting office at Grand Island, Nebraska, a long time to decide whether Ben would be allowed to wear his country's uniform. He is a second-generation Japanese-American. Ralph Martin's readable little book is mostly the story of Ben Kuroki's struggle after the Army relented. And it was always a struggle, first against the enemy the United States was fighting—mainly because it preached prejudice—and, secondly, against prejudice among Kuroki's fellow countrymen.

Once he was allowed to enlist, Kuroki had to battle to get in the Air Corps, then to get sent overseas to England, and, finally, and for a very long time, to get assigned to a combat crew. Once assigned, he was suddenly bounced, and for no good reason, except, as someone put it, "The pilot's from California." This was at a time when, to this country's never-ending shame, thousands of West-Coast Nisei were being herded into concentration camps called by a somewhat more genteel name.

Finally, Ben Kuroki did become an aerial combat gunner, and he fought very well and very long; his missions included the nearly fatal Roesti raid in which 54 Liberators were lost. When he returned to the United States after five more than the required number of missions in Europe, it would have seemed Ben Kuroki had fought enough for one war. But then there was to be a radio broadcast which, at the last minute, was cancelled because network officials felt that the Japanese-American question was too quote controversial unquote.

And then there was another struggle, against prejudice, red tape, and stupidity. Ben Kuroki, holder of the DFC, wanted to go to the Pacific, but the Army Air Forces higher echelon wasn't sure. There was a rule against Japanese-Americans being allowed to fight in the Pacific, and custom all too frequently guides the military mind. It was only civilian pressure and the good sense of a few rare officers that allowed Ben once more to go overseas, this time to Tinian from which, before the war ended, he flew an additional 28 missions over the empire of his ancestors.

When Ben returned from the Pacific, he was a national hero, was asked to appear on the *New York Herald Tribune* forum with General Marshall and began a still-continuing lecture tour to explain his 59th mission against the prejudice which victory in the war did not end.

"Boy from Nebraska" is a modest book; it is written simply and easily, and, although it is mostly the story of one man, it indirectly is the story of thousands of other Japanese-Americans in the incredibly courageous 442nd or 443rd Infantry Regiments and the 100th Infantry Battalion. In addition, as Bill Mauldin points out in his introduction, Ben Kuroki's story has, in one way or another, been equalled by the millions of Negroes and Jews who fought and frequently died in a battle against a hate-preaching enemy even though or perhaps because they knew firsthand what hate means.

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Good Intentions Are Not Enough

OUR SHARE OF NIGHT. By Drew Middleton. New York: The Viking Press. 1946. 320 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by RICHARD E. LAUTERBACH

FRANKLY "a personal narrative of the war years," Drew Middleton's book is not a chronology of battles or big news events, not a sensational exposé of leaders, not primarily a military or political analysis. From his notebooks a discerning reporter on the human race has fashioned a highly readable chronicle of people and places. Some of his observations and some of the people who troop through the book are important while others are merely diverting. There is Darryl Zanuck with a big black cigar riding around North Africa in a dust-covered blue Chevy; the Big Two at Casablanca; Ali, a Moroccan encountered in a hospital; and a cross-section of American G.I.'s who were fighting to get back home and not because they were anti-fascist. Middleton has set them down on his pages with exactness and with a certain flair for insight and commentary which raises "Our Share of Night" above the level of good reportage. On the G.I.'s, for example, Middleton notes that it was not the failure of the men that they weren't anti-fascist but of the Army which could teach engineering, languages, etc., but not ideas.

During the first years of the war Middleton worked for the Associated Press in London before switching over to become one of the standouts on *The New York Times* European staff. Through six years, first of defeat and then of victory, he managed to give his readers an accurate account of what he heard and saw. Like anyone else, he occasionally went off the beam. Harry Butcher recalls in his book on Eisenhower that Middleton was sure before the invasion of North Africa that the Allies were about to sail for Norway. For the most part Middleton kept his rumors and his prejudices to himself and his notebooks. "Our Share of Night" reveals that this impersonal reporter is a man who knows what and whom he dislikes; he had little stomach for the Giraud-Darlan episodes in our history, or for press relations officers, for Montgomery, Patton, Clark, or for Germans.

To the current controversy over Montgomery, he adds little except that Eisenhower and his Chief of Staff, Lieut. General Walter Bedell Smith, "had hoped for the less bumptious Alexander" rather than Monty as British commander in the western invasion. Eisenhower, incidentally, emerges from Middleton's pages gen-

erous, steadfast, confident, humble, restless, great—"perhaps the greatest of the war."

There have been other more colorful records of the war years, but few have been published to date with as much reflective wisdom. In the American "occupation" of Britain, Middleton noted that the British were taught something which they had to learn: "This was that America wasn't the home of another, larger race of Englishmen but of Americans." The American soldier, on the other hand, learned something from the British Tommy "who was the first soldier he'd met, or was to meet, who did not think it was a fine proud thing to be an American or long to become an American after the war." In February 1943, Middleton wrote in his diary, apropos of American support for Admiral Darlan:

> It is inevitable that any popular movement here or on the Continent eventually will turn first against the government fostered by the Allies and next against the Allies. For governments we foster are made up of discontented elements of the old regime or representatives of the upper classes and the rich bourgeoise. And once we lose the respect and friendship of the people of these countries, we have delivered them to communism for they will have no alternative. . . . In the long run our failure to use the democratic elements among the people will enable the communists to claim that we are not, after all, fighting for democracy, but merely for the old order, and their own policy will be strengthened.

It is too bad that our leaders could not have understood this four years ago. Today they will probably insist on reading it as dead history rather than living prophecy.

For those who have had first-hand experience with it, Middleton observes, the war is not an easy thing to forget. He has written this book in the hope that having put his torment on paper he will be able to forget. This seems unlikely. The war has left its mark on him as it has on millions of others. Middleton admits that "war has imposed a callousness which I abhor. I find I am intolerant and overly suspicious." It has, more importantly, left him extremely cynical about the future. The one hope is world federation, but the author sees little chance of that. He finds fascism in Germany badly wounded but not dead, our own brass hats grasping to save their jobs, and a far-off public in the United States which cannot be expected to understand World War II, unaware that any future conflict would unleash a force that can destroy civilization.

He sums up his pessimism in a paragraph near the end:

> The combination of rampant nationalism tinged with the beginnings of fascism and unprecedented power based on atomic energy and a large air force, which at present represents the United States to the remainder of the world, does not at present seem capable of producing any Pax Americana. The alternative is growing nationalism elsewhere and war. War, even a triumphant war, means the end of the things most of us hold dear in America, personal liberty, freedom of speech and of worship and of the press, representative government.

Mr. Middleton, now working in Moscow for the *Times*, has no solution. He offers "Our Share of Night" as personal evidence that good intentions and brave deeds were no substitute for clear thinking and global planning in the past.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 658)

L. M. WOLFE:
SON OF THE WILDERNESS
(The Life of John Muir)

Dedicating himself to new tasks, he wrote: "I am hopelessly a mountaineer. Civilization and fever . . . have not dimmed my glacial eye. I care to live only to entice people to look at Nature's loveliness. My own special self is nothing."

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A Capacity for Nothing

WHEN BOYHOOD DREAMS COME TRUE. By James T. Farrell, New York: The Vanguard Press. 1946. 313 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

THE Studs Lonigan trilogy is in many ways a great piece of work; and the Danny O'Neill tetralogy, although it is less sustained, contains large sections of intense, imaginative, sometimes brilliant writing. That is why so many of us have regarded Mr. Farrell's later books with increasing dismay. The novels and the short stories that have come from him since then have betrayed, most unhappily for those who rated Farrell high among contemporary writers, an ebbing of literary power. They have been marked, upon the superficial writing level, by dulness and fatigue, and more profoundly by a barrenness of spirit. His last novel, "Bernard Clare," seemed to me to suffer from this basic fallacy: that no man as callow and unimaginative, as completely unformed, as Bernard Clare was shown to be, could possibly be a creative writer, as Farrell postulated he was.

All of Bernard Clare's cynical strictures upon the New York scene were negated entirely by the fact that he was not himself a subtle or a penetrating observer. I feel this to be a characteristic of all of Farrell's recent work, and especially of these short stories now published as "When Boyhood Dreams Come True." They are bitter, they are acidulous,—in fact, to risk an anticlimax, they are extremely unhappy—yet there is no authority in them because there is nowhere a solid vantage point from which we may view the shambles with understanding, no recognizable moment of clear affirmation, to impose meaning upon the long and truly monotonous chant of negation.

At the very end of one story called "John Hitchcock," which is a very bitter account of a hack writer thrashing about obscurely in the pseudo-literary world of Greenwich Village, the writer himself cries out—these are the closing words—"Nothing! Nothing! Nothing!" The same words, audible or not, issue from the mouth and spirit of every character of these stories, and they might well be placed upon the title page. They are definitive. They are the secret that every one of these people—Hitchcock the writer, Willie Collins the express dispatcher, Eddie McGoorty the neophyte priest, Tom Finnegan the soldier, Cal Dolan the basketball player, Fritz the German liberal, Roland the college student—clutches painfully to himself: that he is an empty husk, that there is no spark of divinity in him, that he knows he hates everything but doesn't know that he loves anything, that inside of him, beside hatred and disgust and fear, there is nothing! nothing!

And in none of them, in none of their histories, is there any strength of any kind. Their revulsion is meaningless since they recoil *toward* nothing. Their flight inspires in us neither pity nor enthusiasm, since they flee *toward* nothing. It is because they are so incapable of reacting with humanity to human experience, that we can have no feeling for them. I will cite one instance: sex. Sex is a vital element in at least half of these tales, and it is, every time, a monstrous and destructive element. It is, every time, something quite shameful and dirty, and it is never a good experience or a happy one.

I cannot help but feel that Mr. Farrell, in one of his selves, has accepted the fearful and hypocritical view of nature from which, with his other, he flees so violently. What validity can there be in his writing until he comes to grips with himself?

The dulness and the fatigue which I have mentioned above rise out of these conditions. The long, stubborn dialogues on church doctrine are the same long, stubborn dialogues we have already read in the Lonigan and O'Neill stories; nothing has been added. The dream sequences are less inspired than they were when Studs and Danny first dreamed them. There is the overpowering sense of moving backward on a treadmill of old furies, and there is indeed some internal evidence that these stories are not fresh material. I should like to see Mr. Farrell hold up a while, and think out his own destination, before he publishes again. Whatever it should be, he will sound and read more like the vigorous writer we have known, when he cuts away from this retelling of his beads, and moves in an affirmative direction.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

ASPECTS OF NATURE IN POETRY

Mary Katharine Reely, of Madison, Wisconsin, asks you to match up the brief nature descriptions in the column on the left with the names of the poets who originated them in the column on the right. Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 63.

1. Bee-lowd glade.	( ) Matthew Arnold.
2. Bleak shore.	( ) Robert Browning.
3. Civil-suited morn.	( ) William Cullen Bryant.
4. Cold gray stones.	( ) Robert Burns.
5. Darkling plain.	( ) Lord Byron.
6. Easy wind.	( ) Thomas Campbell.
7. Falling dew.	( ) Samuel Taylor Coleridge.
8. Gentle rain.	( ) Robert Frost.
9. Glimmering landscape.	( ) Thomas Gray.
10. Mossy stone.	( ) Felicia Hemans.
11. Murmuring pines.	( ) John Keats.
12. Murmuring stream.	( ) Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.
13. Pathless woods.	( ) Edna St. Vincent Millay.
14. Perilous seas.	( ) John Milton.
15. Quiet-colored end of evening.	( ) William Shakespeare.
16. Rock-bound coast.	( ) Percy Bysshe Shelley.
17. Splendid silent sun.	( ) Alfred Tennyson.
18. Untrodden snow.	( ) Walt Whitman.
19. Wide wide sea.	( ) William Wordsworth.
20. Wild west wind.	( ) William Butler Yeats.

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Growing Up in China

SOUTH OF HEAVEN. By Lettie Rogers. New York: Random House. 1946. 278 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ANN F. WOLFE

BACK in the twenties Judith Ward and her small brother were the only American children in the crowded industrial city of Lingchow. Nine-year-old Judith spoke Mandarin like a Chinese. She learned that girls are slaves and that it is right to let boys take first turn at games. She was bewildered and embarrassed by the "foreign" ways of her parents.

Her parents were poverty-harassed American missionaries, too preoccupied with sin and souls and hell to pay much attention to Judith's rearing. So the child spent her time with the humble Chinese servants, played and studied with their children. Spiritually she became a loyal little Buddhist, impatient of the stern white God "my father is forever talking about" and her mother insisted on "taking things up with."

Warm-hearted, honest Judith was torn between loyalties and cultures. Her Chinese friends loved her as much as she loved them. Yet they could not accept her as one of them—not entirely, at any rate, for she "belonged to the lion's camp." The small, sharp agonies that arise to torment every childhood were complicated in Judith's case by the conflict of racial sympathies. Still, she was happy playing shuttlecock beside the golden plum blossoms and matching crickets under the soft skies of central China. She was near enough to happiness to be just south of heaven.

Then the Hobbs family moved to Lingchow. To the Hobbs children Chinese was Chink and Judith's Chinese sympathies a mark of that "queerness" that sets a child cruelly apart from the crowd. "Say, you're not a Chink, are you?" was their challenge. Crisis followed crisis in Judith's life, many of them brought on by her bungling, ineffectual mother. She was far south of heaven now, almost out of sight of the realm of happiness.

Christy Blair alone understood the spirited little American girl who "had a hunk of China in her." Young Dr. Blair, recently appointed to the Lingchow hospital, befriended Judith and helped her face her problems. Christy Blair was a "half-breed"—half Chinese, half American. He had been an alien in the States, where he studied medicine. He was a foreigner in China, his native land and the ancestral home of his mother.

The revolution shattered the troubled pattern of Judith's days. Chang Kai-shek's soldiers surged up from the south; refugees poured through Lingchow; Americans fled before the terrors and chaos of war. But Judith's family held their ground; her father had put his trust in prayer. Christy Blair played a big role in the answer to that prayer. And as the story sweeps to its furious climax, stout-hearted Judith proves herself worthy of his friendship.

"South of Heaven" is Lettie Rogers's first novel. Born and reared in central China, she learned to speak Chinese before she did English. There was something of Miss Rogers surely in the little girl who provoked the ridicule of the Hobbs children by reciting "The Lazy Housewife and the Tidy Housewife" in exquisite Chinese.

Into "South of Heaven" Miss Rogers has written nostalgic memories of her childhood, poignantly and bravely recollected. More, the compassionate realism of her viewpoint makes a generous contribution to our understanding of China and China's people.

"Into 'South of Heaven' Lettie Rogers has written memories poignantly recollected."

Mort Friedlander's "people represent the inexorability of time and our common fate."

Old Folks in a Home

THE YELLOW LEAF. By Mort Friedlander. New York: A. A. Wyn. 1946. 185 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

WHEN the average reader learns that this is a book about old people he will turn aside, for there are few today of any age who consider themselves old or care to dwell upon the problem of an imminent death. Nevertheless it must be frankly stated at once that most of the characters in "The Yellow Leaf" are so feeble that they have to face their infirmities and that they live in a Home for the Aged by preference or necessity.

This home, however, is a pleasant place set in attractive grounds and managed by a charming, sympathetic woman with the help of several understanding servants. Little happens in the novel: a piece of jewelry, supposedly stolen, turns out to have been planted by a vicious old lady in the room of a woman she hates; an old man loses his wife and, finding life unreal without her, acts so strangely as to suggest insanity; two old men plan escape and imbue their flight with the essence of poetry.

Joe, the handyman says, "Sometimes I think I'll go nuts. Everybody is so close to dead it gives you the creeps." But the imminence of death endows the book with its special quality and the telling often achieves a delicate beauty. The old people meet the universal eventuality in different ways, some resisting vigorously, some drifting toward it with little thought, some denying its possibility, some welcoming its promise of peace with dignity and naturalness. Mrs. Schick, the superintendent, who knows them all so well, their petty prides and jealousies but also their gentleness and resignation, reaches the conclusion that sorrow, defeat, and growing old are little different and that, as parts of life, they too are right.

A reporter who visits the home to write up the opinions of the inmates on How to Live Long, How to Stay Young, and the like, comes away abashed with no story. Indeed there is no story here. These old people, cut off from all but themselves, living vicariously and for the most part in the past, suffering physical ills of various sorts, simply represent the inexorability of time and of our common fate.

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Strictly Personal

NOTES ON NINE PIONEERS

THE school was ready, but the convent had not been completed. Contrary to the occasional pastor method of building himself a more stately mansion (oh my soul!) and leaving his outworn dwelling for a community of nuns, the pastor this time had decided to reconstruct the former church for the sisters' home.

It was not ready, but the school had been completed, and the children were rarin' to go; at least the parents were rarin' to get them from underfoot. Would the sisters come anyway, to start their new mission? Yes, they would; but where were they to live? Arrangements could be made.

The owner of a corner house would rent for four months. By that time, the convent would surely be finished and furnished. His little two-story house would hold a chapel, kitchen, refectory, and parlor (named in the order of their importance) and with a little cramping four sisters would also find sleeping accommodations there.

There were nine of us—eight in the originally appointed community, and I. I was supernumerary—appointed to stay at this particular convent because it was convenient to university and library. All I had to do was to help out with a few music lessons, do the secretarial work for the superior, and take the seventh grade about a half hour each day, while the seventh-grade teacher came over to the convent to start preparations for lunch. All the rest of the time, I could work on my dissertation, except when the superior, who was ode-conscious, would ask for rhyme and rhythm to celebrate specific occasions.

Wouldn't I write an ode to be sent to the motherhouse, where they were celebrating Sister Cordelia's golden jubilee? And an ode for the Visitation Nuns, who lived nearby and who had been so kind and sisterly in lending us sacristy equipment? And an ode for the Good Shepherd Nuns, who were giving a play to commemorate the establishment of the Magdalens, and had invited us to witness it and to stay to supper afterwards? I would, and did.

I once saw a cartoon entitled "Circumstances under which a masterpiece is produced." It was a picture of a woman teetering on her chair over a rackety typewriter. A baby on the floor was plucking at her skirts. The plaster was falling from the ceiling in one corner, and in another a spider was building his winter home and fly-trap. The telephone was ringing. A pot on the kitchen stove was boiling over.

Who was I, then, to complain of distractions? There were no cobwebs, no falling plaster, no baby; and if the pot boiled over and the telephone rang, well, these interruptions sometimes gave a breathing space, during which I recalled a fugitive phrase or fact for which I had been racking my brain.

It was not only the odes that added to my occupations. Once in a while during the dry process of compiling a thesis there would seethe and simmer ideas that simply "must out." And once in a rarer while these ideas were accepted. When that happened the enthusiastic community would spend (in theory) the possible stipend many times over before it was even received.

And we did need money. Like all beginnings, there was not sufficient capital for unforeseen expenses. We had many poor in the parish, and the wealthier members had not yet awakened to the fact that here was a worthy way of making for themselves friends of the mammon of iniquity. One of our members had the hopeful thought of writing to her father for funds, but his reply, stating that when he gave up the pleasure of his daughter's company, he also gave up the privilege of paying her bills, discouraged any further effort along those lines.

Now, with all this digression, I have left the remaining five of us still bedless. I must get to that next. The owner of the grocery store across the street had offered his whole second floor for the use of the sisters; that is, the whole of the second floor that was not taken up with packing cases and excess stock. It was really quite a spacious little dormitory—but there was no bathroom. The sisters in the grocery group heated buckets of water in the temporary convent kitchen, and took them across the street for nightly ablutions at their bedside.

There was not too much inconvenience: the school was on the opposite corner, the church only half a block away, and the whole arrangement was only temporary, anyway. True, the two-story house was equipped for heating with coal, and no supply of coal had been put in, but surely it would not be needed before the sisters moved to the new convent. "When we move to the new convent" got to be the introduction to many a blissful discussion.

But the cold weather did set in—and then the community was provided with an oil stove—old type, with a circular wick and a tank. It gave forth more odor than heat. Sr. John christened it Sally Smelly. It was a toss-up whether you could stand the cold or the smell; you took turns standing both.

There was other furniture, of course, besides the stove; but not much. And the stove did get a large share of honorable mention because it so persistently declared its presence. There were, for instance, six chairs and one stool. In order to seat the community all at once, we supplemented with a collapsible step ladder and my typewriter case. I, being light of weight, sat on the typewriter case, lest it prove more collapsible than the ladder. Fortunately, the whole seating equipment was portable, hence used in the chapel as prie-dieux, in the refectory as prandial supports, and when a sister had a visitor she brought her own chair and the visitor's chair to the parlor. If the visitor commented on this arrangement, she was invited to contribute toward the furnishing of the convent. The school, of course, was well equipped: plenty of desks and chairs, but they were nailed down.

ONCE when the five in the grocery-store contingent were crossing the street after night prayers, they noticed a dark-cloaked figure that slipped from behind a tree to the corner of the building as they approached. Then they lost sight of him, and, fearing it was some marauder who would waylay them up the dark narrow stairway by the side of the store (they always feared that, even without the presence of the sinister figure), they thought it wise to report to the rectory behind the church. As it happened, the priests were out on sick calls or social calls; only Black Marshal and old Father Brenner were at home. Black Marshal, who answered the door, reported their difficulty to Father Brenner, and the sisters heard his answer: "Tell them I will remember them in my night prayers. They will be safe." So, armored with remembrance in an old priest's night prayers, they proceeded to bed—and were indeed safe.

Came Thanksgiving. Came to Sr. Elizabeth the laudable inspiration to bake a pumpkin pie. But how? The kitchen stove boasted two gas burners and no oven. She found the furnace was the answer. Enough coal was

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brought in by the children to kindle the fire and acquire a hot bed of coals. Into the glowing depths she thrust a shovel on which reposed the pie. Of course, the arrangement necessitated her holding it there until the crust was done and the custard congealed. We declared it was the best pie we ever ate.

THE success of her efforts inspired Sr. Chrysostom to make the next dessert — bread pudding. That was practical, because there was lots of bread, and eggs were not too scarce. Lots of bread went into the pudding, too, and it looked as though her generous efforts might furnish dessert for many a day to come, especially as the pudding was somewhat dry and heavy, and only a little bit sufficed. We soon realized that not by bread pudding alone doth man—or maid—live, and we were quite frank in our criticism. She said: "All right, the next time I take pity on you people. . . ." Irrationally, that was all we needed to supply a name for the dessert, and henceforth it was called "pity." We had pity unadorned the first day; we had pity heated over and served with custard the next day; and then for variety we had pity snowed in beneath a top layer of meringue. Finally we served pity to the birds, and the cat, and the neighbor's dog. After that, when Sister Chrysostom offered her services, we found some other job for her to do, and we had apples for dessert.

Shortly after Thanksgiving, the whole parish sprang into activity. It was during the First World War, and the world was short of help, short of materials, short of many things, but the parishioners decided that in our little world there was no excuse for the sisters' living so haphazardly any longer. So the men of the parish contributed their services after their working hours. Partitions were set in place, painters arrived, plumbing was installed. The ladies went over in the daytime to see about curtains and other house-wifely details.

Finally came the day when we were ready to move. The pastor was a man of practical ideas. He went through the school, beginning with the first grade, and dismissed the children, telling them the sisters had to have the day free to move into their new home. And when he got to the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades, he suggested that the classes spend their holiday helping the sisters to carry over their goods and effects.

A sort of brigade was formed. The sisters divided their forces, some remaining in the substitute convent to dismantle whatever was portable, the others going over to the new convent to direct the equipment as it arrived. The main difficulty was to keep the boys from carrying too heavy burdens too quickly—to the damage of their growing muscles as well as to the furniture. They persuaded us, though, that they could actually manage even the beds—in pieces. In order to prevent too great a commingling of parts, the sister-dispatchers labeled the pieces as they were picked up, and the important young voices announced: Sr. John's head; Sr. David's sides; Sr. Regina's foot to the sister-assemblers in the soon-to-be cloistered cells.

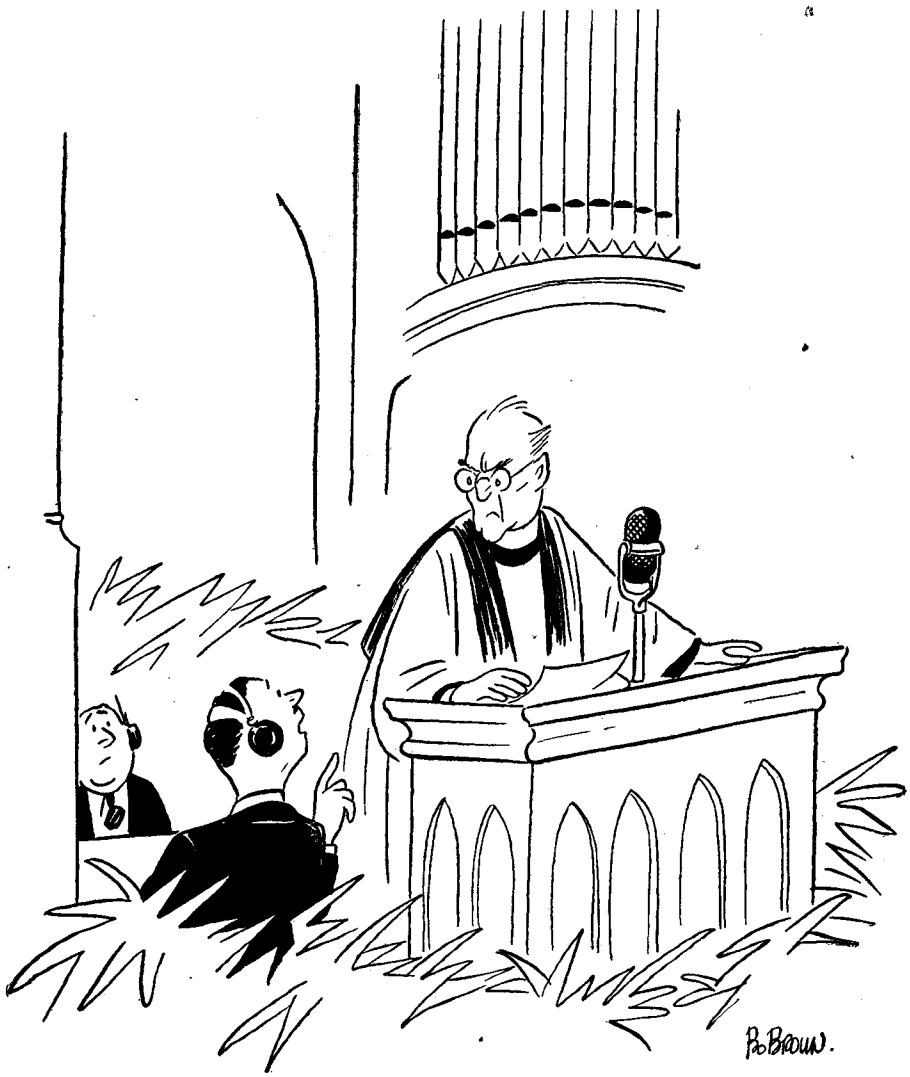
So efficiently were things expedited that by noon the moving was done. Then we began really to appreciate the spirit of the parish that had finally begun to appreciate us. Some of the ladies had prepared for us our first meal in the new home. They invaded our kitchen with trays, pots and pans, and frilled aprons. They insisted they were going to do all the work, even the serving, but we assured them that now we were really becoming conventualized, our partaking of nourishment was a decidedly private affair. We would do the serving ourselves, and then, since they did not mind eating under observation, we would serve them in the lovely shining new kitchen.

Before the end of that year, we were as fully established as if we had been there for years: stained-glass windows in the chapel, rubber runners along the hardwood, highly polished corridors, a beautiful set of parlor furniture donated by the Chinese Embassy, a cheerful, sunny community room, and each cell well equipped for study and comfort and privacy. It was my joy that I, the supernumerary, could, out of the proceeds from my writings, pay for some tiny little details: a bell for the refectory, a vase for Holy Mother's altar, an electric iron for the sewing room.

We often talked of the "old days." The superior's remark: "I believe we were happier then than we'll ever be in more comfortable circumstances" was scouted at, because all along we were as happy as we could be anyway.

But it remains true that there is a jubilant exhilaration in privations that seemingly nothing else can furnish.

SR. M. MARGUERITE, *R.S.M.*



"If you use that word again, doctor—you'll be off the air!"

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THE ROOT OF THE MATTER

IN SEPTEMBER of this year the Union of Soviet Writers, which seems to be the custodian of the right to print for Russia, expelled its president and other writers distinguished at least in Russia, for their ability. The cause was that they had forgotten that literature is "a mighty weapon for the education of the Soviet people, especially youth, and that they should therefore be guided in their work by the politics of the Soviet Union." The convicted writers had made "serious political mistakes."

There is nothing new in this attitude; no one denies that literature and journalism "make a mighty weapon for . . . education"; no one, we trust, really desires that they should both be irresponsible. The question is responsible to whom, or to what? The Athenians gave poison to Socrates because he had corrupted youth. The English courts clamped down on the brilliantly immoral Restoration drama. Increase Mather, that great Puritan of Massachusetts when Massachusetts was an ecclesiastical state, asserted that, "Sinful Toleration is an evil of exceedingly dangerous consequence." Yet in the same sermon he added, "It were better to err by *too much indulgence* towards those that have *the root of the matter* in them, than by *too much severity.*"

What is "the root of the matter"? The Western world has variously described it throughout the classic and Christian ages as approved politics, sound morals, orthodox conceptions of science, or the safety, as Machiavelli would have said, of the Prince. And always and everywhere in this Western culture, some book has been written which did not square with current politics, or the Church's morals, or accepted ideas of the nature of the world, or the will of the dictator, and yet proved to have the root of the matter in it, and powerfully survived. Furthermore, if twenty-four hundred years of experience demonstrates anything, it is this, that the most dangerous, and ineffective, guardians of literature are those who have control of the politics of the state and wish to control its education. Therefore, if the Politbureau intends to limit literary production in Russia to those "who stand on a platform of Soviet power and participate in socialist construction," they condemn Russian literature to the role of inspired propaganda, inspired only by them. We shall not have to bother about Russian literature as literature, for there will be no imagination let loose in the Soviets. It is quite incredible that the root of the matter, except on the required textbook level, will ever conform to the orthodoxy of the status quo. It never has before; why should it now?

This leaves the American, who still has a reasonable freedom of speech, complacent, if not smug. If *Pravda* accuses our newspapers and our books and magazines of being irresponsible, all he has to reply is that, naturally, they are not responsible to the dictates of our Communist Party. That is what *Pravda* means, of course. But put the shoe on the other foot. Many of our newspapers and magazines of some of our books *are* irresponsible. They shamelessly misstate the truth, especially the newspapers. They vulgarize their appeal to the people, if vulgarizing seems to be profitable. Some of our successful writers are dirty for the sake of being dirty, which is very different from being frank for the sake of truth. They are cheaply cynical at a time when cynicism, like Mather's Tolerance, can have exceedingly dangerous consequence. They are certainly not responsible to any known ideals of conduct which can be drawn from our long cultural experience; certainly not to any known religion; certainly not to any conceivable benefits to education or morality by any definition of the words, unless "reader interest" with its accompanying advertising be regarded as an end justifying any means. This is not a charge against American literature or American journalism; it is a charge against some American literature and more American journalism—too serious to allow us smugness and complacency. *Pravda* has hit the nail on the head, but not of course the nail *Pravda* aimed at.

It is to be hoped that we have learned from the experience of the last two centuries particularly, that censorship gets nowhere with this problem. The trouble with censorship is always the censors, and the powers behind them. If umpires are always unpopular, censors, beyond the most elementary items of law enforcement with the long experience of the common law behind them, always go wrong, because they have to apply their fallible ideas of right and wrong to a culture steadily changing. It is not a question of good or bad, but of good or bad literature, and no constituted authority can judge finally of that any more than the brake knows where the wheel is going. Readers—it would seem to be up to you—whether you read with your heads and your hearts, or with your glands and your acid indigestions. The figure of speech is not very scientific, but it is easy enough to understand. Proprietors, publishers, critics—it would seem to be up to you, whether you make money responsibly, and you have demonstrated your ability to do that—or irresponsibly. Responsible to what? Let your intelligence, and your conscience, decide. Not either, but both. One is not to be trusted without the other. H. S. C.

Theory

By Mae Winkler Goodman

HERE is no perspective: we can only trace
This moment, unrelated, out of space,

Ourselves but acting out a pantomime
Upon no stage, within no scene, no time.

Historians, of course, will pen conclusions
Based upon their usual delusions,

Effect and cause, some theory to reduce
Our actions into simple ones and twos,

While still the hour, by its pure suspension
Defeats all theory, draws a new dimension!

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Ambrose Bierce

SIR: Clifton Fadiman writes about Ambrose Bierce, saying among other things that Bierce "is still generally readable . . . a writer one cannot casually pass by."

I don't see what truth these statements contain, since, as far as I know, most of Bierce is long out of print. There is the "Write It Right," "Tales of Soldiers and Civilians," and "The Devil's Dictionary" (now hard to get). But nothing else of the collected works (1909, Neale Publishing Company, Washington, D. C.) is available.

For years I've been hoping some publisher would reprint the better fables, the monograph "written in 4930" and other matters. Until that time comes, and this certainly seems the right time, Mr. Fadiman's essay is merely a suggestion to read material available only in a very few libraries.

KARL AMES.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Clifton Fadiman's essay on Ambrose Bierce (*SRL* Oct. 12) easily belongs among the finest literary essays published in *SRL* in the past ten years. The next time you get out an anthology of *SRL's* best, "Portrait of a Misanthrope" certainly deserves inclusion.

HAROLD UNDERHILL.

Nashville, Tenn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Fadiman's essay serves as introduction to the forthcoming volume "Collected Writings of Ambrose Bierce" to be published by the Citadel Press.*

New Irish Publication

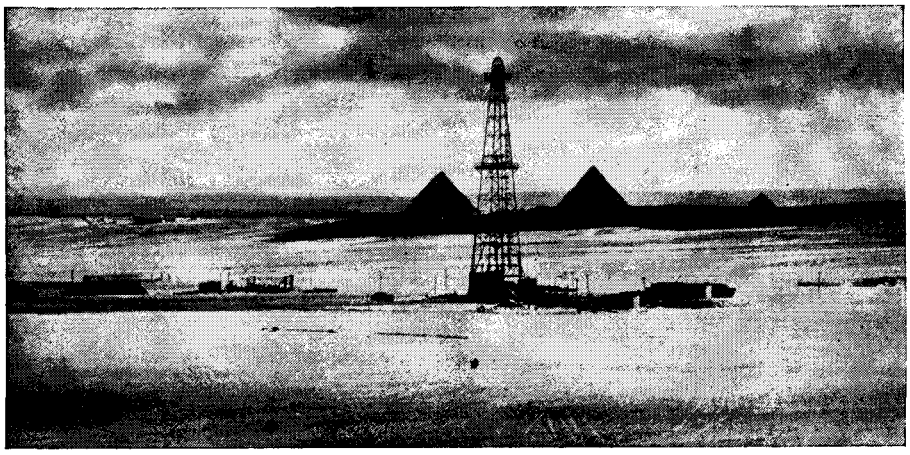
SIR: Readers of the *SRL* will be interested to hear of a new publication coming out of Ireland, whose line will be somewhat different from Irish publications seen in this country. *Irish Writing*, a quarterly published in Cork, will appear late in November. It will not be altogether regional but will include from time to time English, American, and Continental writers. The list of Irish writers, established and new, that I have seen is tip-top; amongst them Americans will be glad to note James Stephens, who has not been publishing much lately. The Devin-Adair Co. of New York will act as distributors for *Irish Writing*, and the International News will take subscriptions which will be $1.50 yearly or 35 cents per copy.

PADRAIC COLUM.

New York, N. Y.

Save the Pyramids

SIR: I am hopping mad and I don't know whom else to write to. In the Hearst *Los Angeles Examiner* for Wednesday, September 25, there appeared a picture second in repulsiveness only to those taken in the German butcher camps. It is a picture of the three greatest pyramids in Egypt, sacred heritages of the whole human race, and in the foreground rises the hideous tower of an oil well. Under the picture is a caption that certainly wins some sort of prize. It reads: "Progress. Beneath the age-old sands of Egypt, man seeks new fountains of oil. A wildcat project of the *Standard Oil Company of New Jersey.* (italics mine) rises within sight of the ancient pyramids." Progress indeed!



"... a picture second in repulsiveness only to those taken in the German butcher camps."

Soon, I suppose, the Mona Lisa will have letters placed on it extolling liver pills, and the sphynx neoned with a remedy for athlete's foot!

What a vicious circle it all is. Oil runs ships, ships carry tourists, tourists travel to see the pyramids, and when they get there it looks like Long Beach, California! Ugh!

I'm starting a Save the Pyramids from Standard Oil Society and I'm taking the fight to the United Nations. I don't think even Gromyko will walk out on that!

I'm serious. If you get the same reaction in the pit of your stomach as I did about this let's do something about it.

Incidentally it is a comment on someone's morality that this picture should appear in the same issue of the paper that carried triumphant whoops about the legal banning of "Memoirs of Hecate County," in this Athens of the whoosy West!

LAWRENCE R. POHLE.

1935 N. Highland Ave.,
Hollywood, Calif.

The Ballinger Case

SIR: Readers of Henry F. Pringle's review (September 23) of my "Brandeis" may be impressed, perhaps puzzled, by the generous space he gives the Ballinger-Pinchot episode. Why should he be so terribly sensitive to the only "distortion" he says he could "discern" in a book of over seven hundred pages? What made it so "grave"?

The reader is entitled to know that the "newer historical judgment" under attack in my writings was propounded in Pringle's biography of Taft. His novel version of this *cause celèbre* stimulated Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes (then feuding with Gifford Pinchot) to write an undocumented "essay of confession and penance" for *The Saturday Evening Post* (May 25, 1941). Following Pringle's lead, Ickes identified the real villain in this old drama as Gifford Pinchot. I discredited Pringle-Ickes "history" in my little book, "Bureaucracy Convicts Itself" (1941) to the satisfaction of more than one reviewer. (See *New Republic*, June 23, August 11, 1941, and *American Political Science Review*, June 1941.) Early this year the historian, George E. Mowry, recanvassed the issue in a scholarly work "and agreed in the main" with my history, as Pringle himself gamely concedes. So the matter stands with all out of step but Mr. Pringle!

ALPHEUS T. MASON.

Princeton, N. J.

SIR: Dr. Mason makes it sound very lonely on my side of the street. But it isn't quite that bad. As I wrote in my life of Taft:

"An examination of thousands of pages of evidence can lead the *impartial reader* only to the conclusion that Ballinger was the victim of an attack fostered by fanaticism and nurtured by bad journalism."

The italics have just been added.

Anyway, Harold Ickes is in step with me as well as, so to speak, those thousands of pages of evidence. There just wasn't any fraud.

HENRY F. PRINGLE.

Washington, D. C.

Donn Byrneana

SIR: I am gathering material for a study of the life and writings of Donn Byrne, late Irish novelist. If either you or your readers have any letters from or material (particularly photographs) pertaining to him, I would appreciate very much their getting in touch with me by mail as soon as possible.

(Miss) M. C. CROCKER.

345 Nahatan St.,
Westwood, Mass.

Aftermath

SIR: The sheaf you have garnered of words to eschew
Does not cover "The matter now under review."

THE GLEANER.

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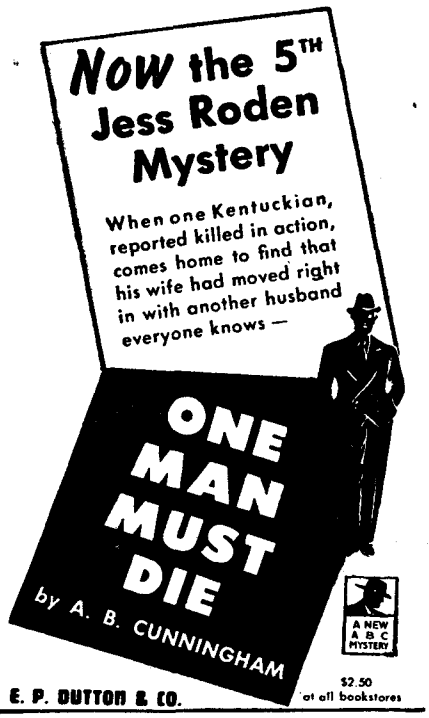
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Contention in a Bitter World

YESTERDAY WILL RETURN. By Tom Hanlin. New York: The Viking Press. 1946. 253 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

TOM HANLIN worked for more than twenty years in the coal mines of Scotland, from the time he was fifteen up to the end of World War II, when an accident in the pits sent him home to write instead. But the mine is fixed deep within him now, and when he speaks (his writing is like a man's speech, direct, intense, unconsidered) he speaks of the mine and the men in it, their bitter sense of banishment from the earth, their struggle with the wall that looms and cracks over them, their consciousness of death.

There is one moment of inspired soliloquy, when a miner named McKelvie walks along a sunken shaft and thinks: I'm a miner. I get killed every day. Every day I get my back broken or my legs broken. Every day I get coal dust in my lungs and I can't breathe during the night. I lose sweat every day and strength every day, so that there comes a time when I'm not fit to do it any more. I just sleep so's I'll be able to work the next day. I get nothing. I walk down the streets in the sun, and the whole colorful world that I made colorful passes before my eyes. But I have nothing to do with it. I don't live in it. Or work in it. . . .

This is McKelvie, a wandering, lone-wolf miner who comes to the Plainrigg pits to look up an old girl, and to start the men moving toward a show-down with the mine-bosses. In both of these his path runs across that of another miner, Jamie Shearer, who is a rival for the girl's affections and a dubious antagonist in the miners' union.

But there can be no question of which of these forces is paramount in their minds and hearts, as it is also in Hanlin's. The men are split and brought to blows over the woman; but they draw together again and stand firm with hands gripped, when they must fight for the miners' rights. The romance in this book is an ambiguous thing at best. This is a harsh, male story of contention in a bitter world, and women have little to do with it.

Hanlin's accounts of such mining data as buttressing a wall, dodging a flying prop, lying beneath a blazing gas pocket, are vivid, first-hand stuff, unforgettable. As sheer statement, without argument and without dogma, and dragging its negligible love story easily behind, the book has power to spare.

"A valuable contribution to the art of better living."
—N. Y. Times Book Review

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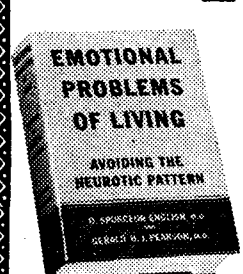

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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 176

Envy's a coal come hissing hot from hell.

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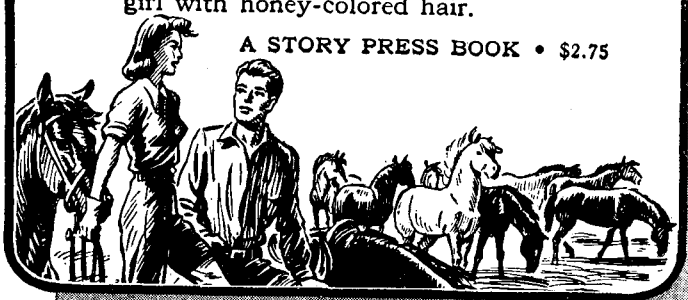

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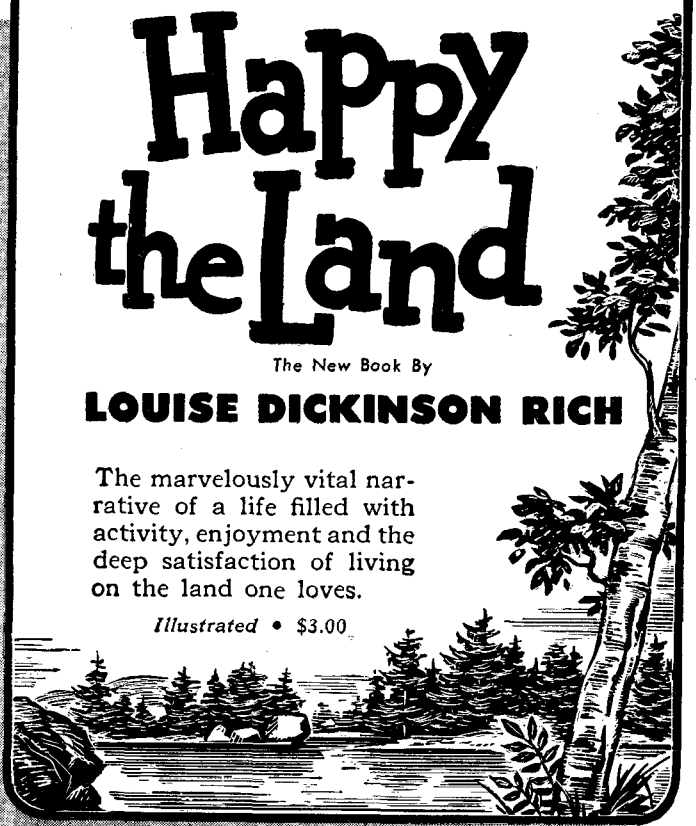

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—*N. Y. Times Book Review*

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A Day with Uneasy Souls

DO I WAKE OR SLEEP. By Isabel Bolton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1946. 203 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NANCY G. CHAIKIN

HERE is a startling little book, set in the explosive, corrupt time before the war, set in 1939 with a background of New York "intellectuals" and Continentals, set in an atmosphere of disintegration, in a society of exposed nerve-ends and uneasy souls. The story centers around the twenty-four hour experience of three people: Percy, the writer, indignant with America, hating "the ugly houses, the breakfast nooks and tile bathrooms, with tinted toilet paper . . . the Kewpie dolls with swansdown petticoats, and Whistler's Mother . . . and the Mona Lisa and September Morn all reproduced and ranged together in the scheme of decorative values. . . ."; the breathtaking much-loved Bridget, whose cretin child must somehow be rescued from the danger of Europe; and finally, Millicent, faithful center of delicate vibrations, through whom, enmeshed as it is in swift intellectual and emotional experiences, the plot is slowly revealed. With a sensitive, perspicacious, and satirical eye Miss Bolton has seen the multicolored prewar scene, and with an adept and relentless pen recorded it.

The nightmare of those years, of an uneasy society, of a corrupt world which has yet something to save, is Millicent's nightmare. And though we cannot quite put our finger on just what it is, we understand it. It is not merely the nightmare of that decaying society, but the nightmare of this world, a sign of the "general disintegration," the critical spiritual tragedy of our age. She is an amazing woman, this Millicent, who understands these people and the life into which they have all so intensely hurled themselves.

Here is a fine piece of work, embracing everything at once, taking in the loose, tossing, troubled world, and the tight, blinding, nervous New York world of the intellectuals. I should like to be able to quote—with Millicent at the amusing, repelling, climactic cocktail party of the literati—Millicent on the streets of New York, Millicent caught up in this life and the understanding of it. But you had better read the book.

Miss Bolton is not always as clear as she should be, and there are times when the persistence of her method seems excessive; but she thinks on unusual planes. She is just sharp enough, just soft enough. And her little novel leaves no doubt that she has, as she says, "thought deeply and worked hard."

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MY LATE WIVES *Carter Dickson* (Morrow: $2.50)	Uncaught English uxoricide, whose victims vanish utterly, made subject of actor's dangerous masquerade. Sir Henry Merivale takes deep and illuminating interest.	H. M. picks up very cold trail and blusters through deft Dicksonian plotting to melodramatic nocturnal climax that provides spectacular surprises.	Good!
ONE MAN MUST DIE *A. B. Cunningham* (Dutton: $2.50)	Missing war veteran returns to Southern home and finds wife remarried. Vet is poisoned and local cops call in Jess Roden.	Plentiful local color, diverting characters, and timely central problem make up for whatever small detective failings it may have.	Pretty good
THE SILENT SPEAKER *Rex Stout* (Viking: $2.50)	Head of govt. Price Regulating Bureau monkey-wrenched out of life just before industrialist's banquet. Enter much - missed Nero Wolfe.	Slightly subdued Archie Goodwin narrates Nero's adventures with inimical groups; which include second murder, sharp-edged satire, and Dupinesque solution.	Welcome home, Nero!
THE GLASS ROOM *Edwin Rolfe* and *Lester Fuller* (Rinehart: $2.50)	Hollywood bookie sells out to pay off estranged wife, finds her murdered and himself much wanted. He sleuths self into clear.	Norrises frenzied and explosive investigation of spouse's death-day appointments turns up school of queer fish, helpful newspaper gal.	High-tension thriller

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Twenty Folk Tales from Russia

YES AND NO STORIES: A Book of Georgian Folk Tales. By George and Helen Papashvily. New York: Harper & Bros. 1946. 227 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by LEO LERMAN

SOME time ago George Papashvily told Helen, his wife, a book. She, an astute bookseller, knew a potential best seller when she heard one, and, delighted to discover one right in her own Ertoba Farm, Pennsylvania home, she "set it down" Russian accent and all. It was called "Anything Can Happen," and many readers found it enchanting. Now George has told Helen another book, and she has again functioned as a sort of literary midwife. "Anything Can Happen" was a book of gayly remembered memoirs: "Yes and No Stories" is also a book of remembering.

In this one George has remembered twenty folk tales, which he heard, presumably when he was a child, in Russia. It is paradoxical and perhaps indicative that at a time when many editors of books for children will not publish stories wherein animals talk, editors of books for adults seem to have no such scruple. Children, say these juvenile editors, do not want talking animals: they do not believe in them. Adults, it seems from the widespread interest in the George Orwell "fairy tale" parable-satire on Russian dictatorship "Animal Farm," do not mind truths when enunciated by little furry faces. "Yes and No Stories" is a further test of our faith in animal wisdom.

This is a bright little book which should come as a welcome relief to those surfeited with psychiatric fiction and tenuous sagas of childhood. The Papashvilys tell their histories of wolves and foxes who talk, of nine-headed Devis and magical horses, of miracles (the book abounds with these), quite unpretentiously. They have stories to tell: they tell them. There is slightly more artifice than art, but that impairs one's pleasure almost not at all if the stories are read intermittently. George Orwell's animals talk and what they say has "deep" political implications and is sometimes brilliant. The Papashvilys' animals talk and what they say implies only that here's a story—enjoy it!

If you want to get allegorical or any other kind of significance out of what the Papashvilys' animals do or say, that's up to you. On paper, the animal mind is no better than the mind which conceived it. It is not remarkable that in both these books animals talk like men, but it is curious that sometimes they seem to make more sense.

George Orwell's "Animal Farm" is involved in literature. The Papashvilys' "Yes and No Stories" is folklore, the stuff from which literature is made. George Papashvily is to literature what Grandma Moses and other Sunday painters (save those with deep genius) are to painting. He is a primitive: that is his charm. "Yes and No Stories" is a tastefully designed volume: the Simon Lissim decorations and illustrations make it a pleasant gift. Both "Animal Farm" and "Yes and No Stories" are about Russia.

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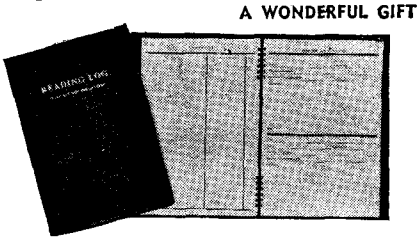

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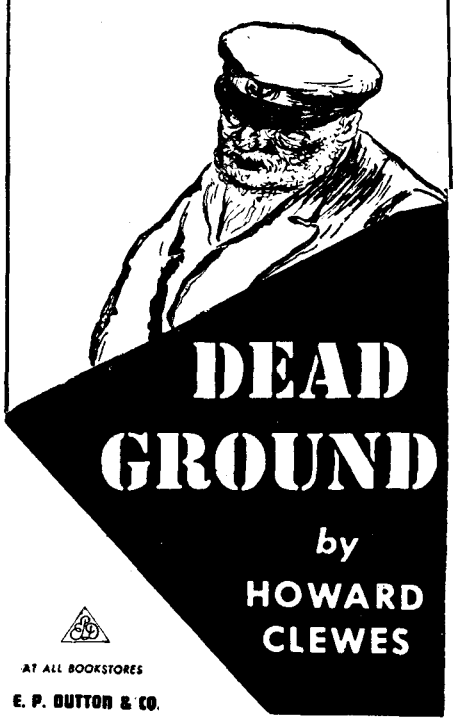

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When He Is Good . . .

BLAZE OF NOON. By Ernest K. Gann. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1946. 295 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by JOHN WOODBURN

HERE is a novel about flyers and flying by a former commercial pilot and Air Transport Command officer, a man who, in his time, has stitched more than a million air-miles into the skin of the Western hemisphere.

And here, I think it should be known, is a reviewer who has never entered a plane. A stubborn groundling, a Pennsylvania acrophobe on my mother's side, I have yet to still an early suspicion that the future of aeronautics was not traced in the December air above Kitty Hawk in 1903, but in the fall of a seventeenth-century apple. As a matter of ethics, I am all on the side of the birds. I happen to be against people who push eagles around.

I say all this to clear the air, as it were, and incidentally to let Mr. Gann know the sort of Cro-Magnon ignorance and prejudice which has been set loose on him. For it has occurred to me that what I do not know about flying might easily be put into a book review. What the author of "Blaze of Noon" knows of the subject, and it is clearly a great deal, gives validity and occasional exhilaration to a novel otherwise without distinction.

For one thing, Mr. Gann so overloads his story that I had the feeling he had to sit on it to close it. Generous to a fault, he has given us two themes, four heroes, a heroine, two fatalities, and a permanent disablement. All this and the heavens too. In addition there is a supporting cast of characters which includes assorted flyers, an outwardly misanthropic but actually golden-hearted airline official, a lady fortune-teller who lives in a red wagon, a gal high-diver who is obviously No Better Than She Should Be, and—here's the beauty part—the Farmer's Daughter and The Traveling Airman. I assure you that all these ingredients blend together like those in a well-made *pousse café.*

Ernest K. Gann writes well "about men flying in loneliness and fear."

Also, while there is still some foam left at my mouth, I would like to mention the author's dogged repitition of time-detail. The action takes place in the years 1925-1927, and these years are plainly marked on separate, divisional pages. But Mr. Gann's constant spotting of popular songs, his painstaking references to home brew, speakeasies, spit-curls, and abbreviated skirts result in the cumulative monotony of the electric sign on the Jersey Shore off Riverside Drive which flashes, every two minutes: "The time now is —."

Theme One, or Plot, which sold "Blaze of Noon" to Hollywood if not to me, concerns the four MacDonald brothers, the Flying Scots, named, with irresistible rhythm: Roland and Colin and Tad and Keith. Colin meets Lucille, and, after she has been solemnly appraised and approved by his three brothers, marries her and establishes her in a sort of wholesome, sixth-form *ménage à cinque.* Lucille adjusts beautifully, even to such unsettling things as having a brother-in-law walk in on her and sit on the edge of the tub while she is in it. He simply wanted to discuss barnstorming versus flying the mail.

Along about here the author apparently decided that four heroes were too many, after all, and he started eliminating them. Keith goes first, in a snowstorm over Albany; Tad is next, a crash landing which leaves him hopelessly crippled. Colin is last, trying to land a heavily-iced plane over Newark.

Let me make clear that I am not making fun of tragedy and death and disaster and courage. It is only that since the MacDonald brothers were seldom very real to me, what happened to them inevitably lost a degree of poignancy and effect. If Mr. Gann could write about people living and loving and walking around as well as he can write about men flying in loneliness and fear, this would have been a good, symmetrical book, and you could not have hired me to mock it. But the sad fact is that he didn't, that he saved his insight and his subcutaneous treatment for the take-off and the flight, and for two minor characters.

Theme Two is the dramatization of

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the early days of flying the mail, and it is this which gives dignity and meaning to "Blaze of Noon." So robust has been the growth of commercial aviation that it is difficult to realize that twenty years ago executives of independent airlines exchanged meaningless letters and even old telephone directories in order to maintain the load and the franchise. In those days the young pilots made bitter jokes about the postal cards inscribed "Having fine time. Wish you were here" for whose delivery they risked their necks, lacking the sensitive, life-saving gimmicks of today, flying by instinct and "the seat of the pants," as they called it. Because Mr. Gann knows this part of the book completely and knows and loves flying, these sections are the best. As long as his men are in the air he makes them believable and admirable, and, incidentally, his prose improves and is sustained. It is when he attempts a landing that the trouble comes. He invariably lands in a field of corn.

The Story of a Simple Man

JOHN FURY. By Jack Dunphy. New York: Harper & Bros. 1946. 269 *pp.* $2.50.

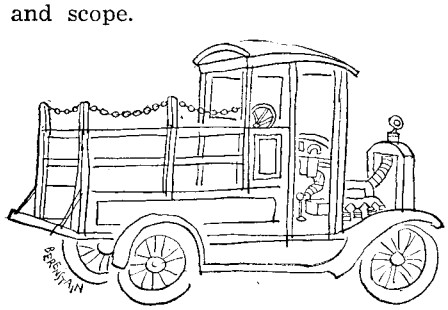
Reviewed by JAMES T. FARRELL

THIS is a first novel about an Irish immigrant workman who lives in Philadelphia. In intention, it is the tragic story of a simple man who understands neither the social forces which contribute to his downfall, nor his own psychological motivations, which frustrate him and turn him into a non-communicative man who cannot express himself, and who can do little to win the love which he needs. He is a teamster. He marries a girl at the age of twenty-four. His love for her is deep and genuine.

He works hard to support his family, and his poor home is a haven, a refuge for him. His wife bears him two daughters, and then she dies. Her death seems to leave an ineradicable mark on him. He is silent in his sadness. Eventually he marries a second woman, a shrewd, nagging woman who is not attractive, and who cannot really take the place of his first wife. He drinks more and more. When his daughters grow up and one of them marries, this is another blow to him, a blow from which he cannot really recover. His character disintegrates. His home life in his second marriage becomes increasingly unhappy. He loses his job, and is not able to work. Growing old, he goes out day after day in a final vain search for work which he will never again find. He dies pathetically.

The publishers describe the style of this novel as "new and exciting." The entire life story of a man is told in 269 pages. The narrative is put together as a series of brief and impressionistic scenes, scenes which, in the main, deal with the home life and the personal actions of John Fury and the other principal characters. The relative brevity of the narrative, and the impressionistic, sketchy manner of presenting scenes do not at all seem fitting as an effective means of telling this story. John Fury does not know why he is an unhappy and frustrated man. On the one hand, his fate is bound up with the fact that he is a poor Irish workman, a man whose livelihood depends on his strength and health; on the other hand he is a dour, silent, locked-up man whose emotions do not at all seem mature. But the novel is too bare, and the author's focus is concentrated too continuously on the private life of John Fury for the story to attain the strong and compelling impression of tragedy which is intended. John Fury makes no real struggle against his fate. He is a passive man, one who seems to feel sorry for himself, but who does little else about himself. If he is to be presented as a passive victim of exploitation then the story would demand a fuller and broader use of detail, a use of detail which would bring more of his working life into the narrative. If he is to be seen as an immature man who acts on the basis of psychological drives he does not understand, then the story would require more insight, more characterizing speech and action, or a penetration of the character's consciousness which would give us a better sense of what is going on in his consciousness. The reader is almost as much in the dark about the hero as John Fury is himself.

Mr. Dunphy has written this book seriously, with a most obvious honesty of intention. But having stripped his story so bare, the book lacks range and scope.



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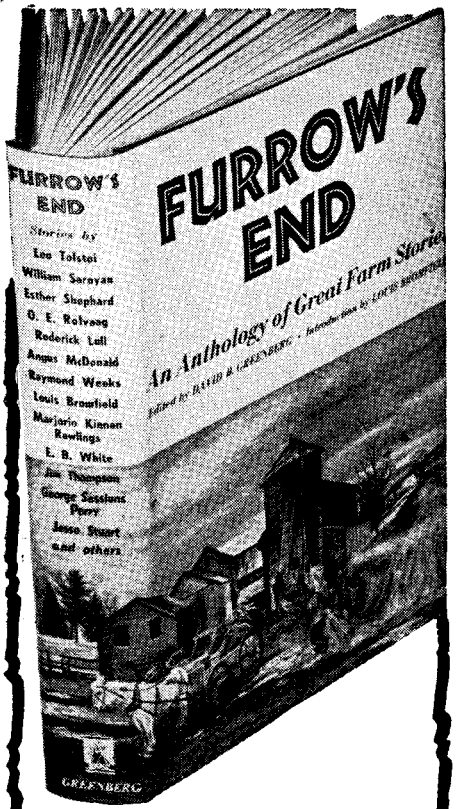

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Listening

THE NETWORKS—NBC

THE National Broadcasting Company is big, old, weatherbeaten, and, like all American institutions of that set of natures, comfortable.

Sort of the Sears-Roebuck of Sound.

It was founded in 1926 by The Radio Corporation of America for the purpose of providing entertainment so that more people would buy radio sets. The possibility of broadcasting itself being anything more than just an expensive form of sales promotion for the sets did not loom for some while.

The public utterance which accompanied this magnificent leap into the uncharted waters of Radio was: "The market for receiving sets in the future will be determined largely by the quality and the quantity of the program broadcast." And along with that remark, with scarcely pause enough to let the import sink in, it was announced that the purpose of the new company would be ". . . to provide the best programs for broadcasting in the United States."

And that, of course, is precisely the sort of introspection that endears Sears-Roebuck to millions of Americans, and, in fact, endears Americans to themselves. The "best," of course, will never be reached, even if CBS's Norman Corwin finally manages an entire half hour with words all beginning with the same letter. NBC showmen knew that then, and they know it now, and they have never worried too much about it. On the other hand, they do know that the word "best" means simply *bigness* and *loudness* to ninety-nine listeners out of a hundred. That's been what NBC listeners have always gotten, and its what they'll always get.

Now, there is nothing wrong with bigness and loudness. If there were, then county fairs and conventions and church suppers and five-hundred-mile races would be as obsolete today, as buggy whips. Far from being quaint, they are as much of our national culture as going to Heaven when we die, and until America changes, NBC will continue to merchandise the noise of people dancing, singing, laughing, and praying.

Because America likes its religion loud and strong, with a good grip on The Lord, The National Radio Pulpit has hammered away on NBC since 1923, two years before there was even a network. The Catholic Hour started in 1930 and Religion in the News in 1933. And consider the farmer: He likes his corn-husking contests, his peach festivals, and his Grange meetings, so since 1928 there has been a National Farm and Home Hour catering exclusively to the rural listener, and commanding a choice bit of broadcast time.

And the lover of music. There was, for many years, Dr. Walter Damrosch and his Music Appreciation Hour, listened to in most of the schools of America, and in 1937 the NBC Symphony was organized to make NBC's music even louder and bigger. To assemble that giant of an orchestra, the hundred or so finest orchestral performers that could be begged, borrowed, or stolen from every symphony society in America were brought to New York, and Maestro Arturo Toscanini imported from Italy to conduct.

Education? James Rowland Angell had barely stepped down from his high post as President of Yale University, retiring, when he was lassoed and told to set up an educational and public service division. Today, information concerning home-making, world affairs, economics, medicine—in fact every matter that should concern an adult mortal—is broadcast under the wide banner of NBC's University of the Air.

Outside of music, which just happens to be so, none of this above described broadcasting is particularly artistic. It is, however, comfortable, predictable, and honest, and just about the sort of sound that the ordinary American family would prefer to have in its living room.

At the head of NBC sits Mr. Niles Trammell. He has been with the company since 1928, assuming the presidency in 1940. A salesman first of all, he has a healthy respect for the fact that it is the sale of deodorants, cigarettes, and razor-blades that pays for the symphony concerts, the religious exhortations, and the University of the Air. Present-day criticism of commercial radio in general, of which there is much, is mostly ill-considered in his opinion, for the only alternative is some form of government-operated broadcasting, as in England. Instead of a splendid symphony, the operating budget, under such a manip-

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ulation, would limit music to recordings, or the output of a fair Civil Service Band.

Radio's major sin in the area of commercialism, he holds, is not the amount of advertising that is dumped into your living room, but the nature of it. Listeners who entertain an antipathy to singing commercials, jingles, sound-and-musical-effect ads will heartily agree with Mr. Trammell. They will also applaud his recent establishment, under a vice president, of a Department of Broadcast Standards and Practices which will endeavor to work with both listeners and advertisers to lessen the nausea among the former and increase sales effectiveness for the benefit of the latter.

Sitting in the co-pilot's seat is Vice President and General Manager, Mr. Frank E. Mullen. A farm editor and broadcaster of farm news from the time he left college in 1922, he joined NBC in 1927 to start the Farm and Home Hour. From his intimate connection with that program, he moved on to broader assignments inside the company, and eventually to the parent company, RCA, as head of the public relations department. He returned to NBC, to his present post, in 1940.

As is to be expected, Mr. Mullen's view of radio is the same as Mr. Trammell's. The general criticism of commercialism in radio is a criticism of the way this country works, he holds, and to the constant demands that radio deliver more information, better music, and greater education, his answer is the same as yours would be if somebody criticized the book you were writing in such general terms. "Information about what?" he will ask. "Define *bad* music and *good* music, and in what subject do you want more education, and in what terms?"

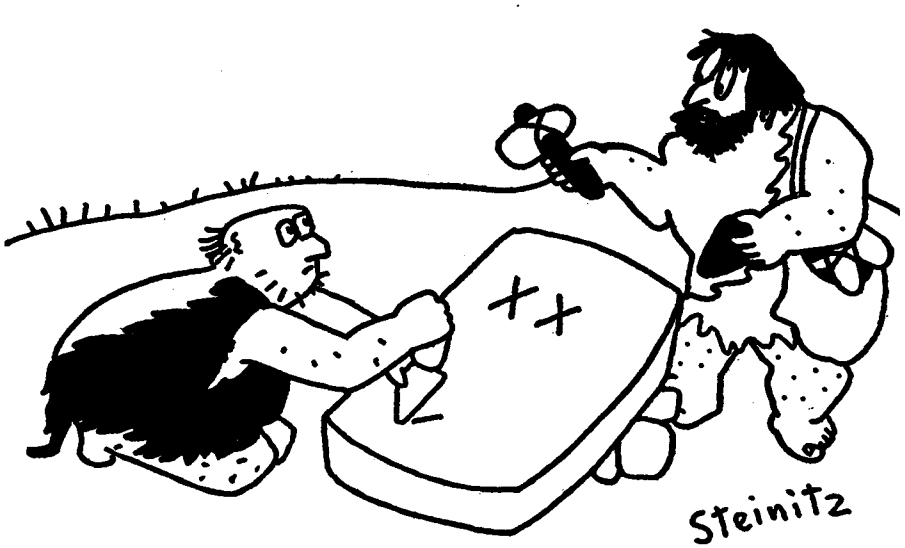
He is, as he sounds, alert to specific suggestions, and wishes there were more of them, constructive, sympathetic, and authoritative. He points out that the theatre, where the fine and great writers are supposed to exist, customarily has more flops than hits, so why expect radio to bat a better average? After nearly a quarter of a century in the business, he only hopes that the average day passes with at least one good program to the company's credit. And that's struggling against the odds as he has seen them work out.

When it comes to actual programs, The Best They Can Do is specifically the province of Vice President in charge of Programs, Clarence L. Menser.

Mr. Menser came to radio via teaching speech and drama in the Midwest, and acting and directing in summer stock. His debut in radio was as an NBC director in Chicago in 1929. His taste in the theatrical verges on the conservative and the tried-and-true, which, again, is an NBC trademark. Under his aegis no Norman Corwins have been developed, no experiments made into whatever *poetics* Radio might hold. On the other hand, among the long-time tenants of the air waves which he started on the road to fame are The Goldbergs, Vic and Sade, The Story of Mary Marlin, and the Irene Rich program, Dear John.

Those are all solid shows, and matrices of the daytime serial. They bear the Menser imprint of having a story to tell and telling it with a maximum of plot pressure and a minimum of finesse. On the other hand, why not? If there were no Sears-Roebuck, many an American home would lack plumbing today. And if it weren't for NBC, as many as a million homes would be at a loss for information, education, laughter, and music.

—ALBERT N. WILLIAMS.



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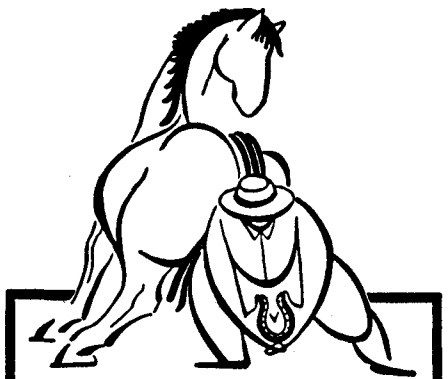

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Seeing Things

THE IMPORTANCE OF NOT BEING EARNEST

"ONE must have a heart of stone to read the death of Little Nell without laughing," was Oscar Wilde's comment on "The Old Curiosity Shop." Much the same kind of heart is needed nowadays not to laugh at the passages in "Lady Windermere's Fan"* which Oscar intended us to take with the utmost seriousness.

These graver melodramatic interludes are among the funniest in the play. Indeed, among the many paradoxes in which "Lady Windermere's Fan" abounds, perhaps the final one is that all we can now take seriously in the text is its gaiety. If this is so, it is because what Wilde's people say remains wonderfully witty, whereas what they do has become patently absurd.

Hesketh Pearson tells us that Wilde once said, "There are two ways of disliking my plays; one is to dislike them, the other is to prefer 'Earnest'." That was a characteristic paradox, and as such designed more to amuse than to state the full truth. We *do* enjoy Wilde's other plays, and enjoy them hugely, even if "Earnest" has our preference. As a matter of fact, what continues to delight us in "Lady Windermere's Fan," "A Woman of No Importance," and "An Ideal Husband" are their numberless scenes and lines which are pure "Earnest."

In "The Importance of Being Earnest," Wilde found himself as a comic dramatist. He did this by the welcome process of forgetting himself as a serious playwright. His other "modern" plays had been "dramas," in spite of the fact that we usually think of them as comedies.

They lived strange double lives. Although they pried into the pasts of shady people, their redeeming exposure was Wilde's wit. Their plots were straight Dumas-fils, Augier, and Scribe; their good talk was undiluted Oscariana. In them one of the world's supreme conversationalists was constantly being interrupted by one of the most humorless of contrivers.

"In "The Importance of Being Earnest," however, Wilde forgot the "problems" which were not his affair, and gave himself over to the brilliant fooling which was. Instead of halting his epigrams to deal with passions of which he knew little, he devoted himself without pause to the persiflage of which he was a master. Moreover, he was willing to write only one play at a time. The result was a farce-comedy which is one of the glories of the language. No other farce can claim to its degree the lustre of high comedy, and few high comedies shine so brightly.

Some of Wilde's contemporary critics scolded him, when confronted with his earlier "dramas," for his not having been more serious in approaching his themes. Our regret is that he ever deviated into gravity. At present, however, ours is a double pleasure. The Wilde who is fun to laugh with is also fun to laugh at. And nowadays, as "Lady Windermere's Fan" makes clear, we have no choice than to smile at some of the serious passages as we would at any other spoof revival. Mrs. Erlynne's second act soliloquy, when she steals her daughter's letter to Lord Windermere, is, of course, worthy of "East Lynne." So is that moment in the third act in Lord Darlington's Chambers when Lady Windermere, who has been saved by the woman she does not know is her mother, must slip through a room bulging with men, without any of them noticing her. So, for that matter, is the whole tawdry plot.

—*Beaton.*

Cecil Beaton's gowns "are Sargents painted with his audacious sweep, but painted in greasepaint rather than oil."

Yet surely there never was a more diverting bad play than "Lady Windermere's Fan." Or one that has more shimmering virtues. We forgive what is foolish in the action (tittering at it as amiably as one does at outmoded fashions) because of all that is iridescent in the dialogue. Wilde's epigrams may be just as artificial as was his plotting, but theirs was an artifice which came naturally to him. We do not care if all his men and women talk alike. We are happy because they talk as they do, which is as Wilde, and only he, could.

Hazlitt defined wit as "the eloquence of indifference." It is as masters of precisely this kind of eloquence that Wilde's characters speak for him. They are people whose languor of body and spirit is exceeded only by the vigor with which they toy with ideas. Apparently they have nothing to do except talk. As conversationalists, however, most of them are as well endowed as they are financially. Such is their abhorrence of labor that they deem it fashionable to make their own conversation appear an effort demanded of them unfairly. This may explain why in so many of their brightest lines can be heard the echoes of yawns, politely stifled but still there.

THE fear Wilde's men and women have of being thought sincere is one of their few genuine emotions. It is as honest as their horror of being taken seriously. They have no traffic with the realities. They scorn expected responses as misdemeanors; and despise convictions as plebeians. They seldom condescend to approach life as participants, preferring to remain privileged observers. Anything which might awaken their sympathies, and therefore destroy their detachment, they would undoubtedly consider a violation, not an interruption. They are bystanders whose pretense is that they are *not* innocent.

Their lack of innocence is their ultimate pretense. Because, sophisticated as is their talk, their morals are almost always blameless. Most of them lead lives of suffocating orthodoxy. Their speech may create the illusion of looseness but their behavior is strait-laced by the demands of the most decorous society. Passion is beyond them. So is sex, except as a polite hope or an impolite memory. Their badinage is at once their business and their solace—and our delight.

The delights of "Lady Windermere's Fan" in the present revival are visual no less than verbal. We have Cecil Beaton to thank for this. It was he who designed the lavish London pro-

* *LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN, by Oscar Wilde. Produced by Homer Curran in association with Russell Lewis and Howard Young. Directed by Jack Minster. Settings and costumes by Cecil Beaton. With a cast including Cornelia Otis Skinner, Henry Daniell, Penelope Ward, Estelle Winwood, John Buckmaster, and Mr. Beaton. At the Cort Theatre.*

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duction which in its costumes and backgrounds is duplicated here.

In his clothes and settings Mr. Beaton seizes upon the facts of late Victorian decoration, and then grants them, both wisely and deliberately, a heightened elegance; an underscoring; if you will, a distortion such as they could not claim. He does for the eye what Wilde does for the ear. And does it with brilliant success. The vocabulary of his designs is as extensive in its materials, color, and cut as was Wilde's own employment of words. It is lush and lavish, too. And no less startling.

His women's gowns, in particular, are cases in point. They are Sargents. Yet they are more than Sargents. They are Sargents painted with his audacious sweep, but painted in greasepaint rather than oil. Quite properly they have little to do with reality. Reality is merely the point at which they begin; in other words, their point of departure. From there on they are as carefully removed from it as were Wilde's titled people, his gilded epigrams, and his empty emotionalism.

Among the players I have always pitied is the actress who must cross the stage as Helen in Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus" and survive "Is this the face that launched a thousand ships?," etc. Few women, when so challenged, can be expected either to live up to such lines or live them down.

When Mrs. Erlynne finally appears in the second act of "Lady Windermere's Fan," she faces a test almost as trying. She has been talked about by everyone; described as the fascinator of fascinators; established as one of nature's irresistible, though not moral, forces. Then she must sweep in, and clear the hurdle of the inevitable Q.E.D. She must do this precisely as friends must triumph over the cruelty of our over-enthusiastic descriptions of them to those who do not know them. Or as the best of jokes must struggle for its life after such a fatal introduction as "I heard the funniest story the other day."

TO complicate matters further for the actress playing Mrs. Erlynne, Wilde has given her little or nothing to do in her first act, except to listen to more wet-lipped and beady-eyed compliments. Cornelia Otis Skinner comes through this ordeal commendably. If she has our sympathy during it, she has only our admiration thereafter. Her third and fourth acts she plays admirably, not only aided at overlong last by Wilde but aiding him. Indeed, in her last act (when she wears a dress and hat which seem to be made of spun candy and pure flame), she looks her loveliest and

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Except for John Buckmaster's Lord Darlington, and some very diverting moments in Mr. Beaton's green carnation playing of Cecil Graham, the men in the current revival do not equal their London counterparts. Although competent, they lack the final suavity. They are indifferent postcards of Sargents rather than extensions of his more arrogant portraits. As a matter of fact, they tend to look more like other actors than they do like Edwardian dandies. Henry Daniell's Lord Windermere may serve as an illustration. John Chapman of the *News* hit off his performance perfectly when he said Mr. Daniel kept going around the house looking like William S. Hart being kind to horses.

The women are much, much better. Penelope Ward as the prudish and intolerant Lady Windermere is both beautiful and accomplished. And as the malicious old Duchess of Berwick' Estelle Winwood once again demonstrates her delectable skill as a comedienne. Wilde once insisted he was the only man in London who knew how dukes talked when they were alone. Miss Winwood makes us thankful that her Duchess liked company. JOHN MASON BROWN.

Eve and the Isotope

By Marcia Lee Anderson

EVE and the isotope
Have much in common:
Both, in the cosmic dance,
Are variants.
Behold in Eden
Adam without woman
Noble atomic weight and scope
achieve.
Behold again:
Lo! in a crazy trope,
Eve.
Eve and the isotope
Have much in common.
But who can analyze
One fairest daughter?
Who can anatomize
This heavy water?
Adam, Adam,
Abandon hope:
You can only fathom
An isotope.
The bed-companions of
Uranium
You may at last be able
To chain and label;
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Or fondly isolate
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Taking Care of the Lonely Smile

HOME AWAY FROM HOME. By Julia M. H. Carson. New York: Harper Bros. 1946. 221 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PFC. ARTHUR C. FIELDS

ONE day late in the summer of 1945 *Stars and Stripes* published an interview with an American dream boy in which he damned an American dream. The dream boy was Frank Sinatra and the dream was the establishment of an organization whose prime interest was to boost the morale of our fighting men at home and abroad. This interview was the last act in the great controversy over the United Service Organizations and the relative merit of their contributions.

From the statistical standpoint the results of this controversy are definitely in the U.S.O.'s favor. Up to the end of 1945 the total audience of one branch of the organization—Camp Shows—reached the startling total of 171,717,205 GI's through 273,599 separate productions. Moreover, Camp Shows spread their entertainment throughout 41 different foreign countries in addition to the three circuits established in the United States.

But the contribution of the U.S.O. is greater than merely amassing staggering attendance records; the organization soon found itself in the responsible position of cementing the spirit of cooperation between foreign countries that was a prime requisite to the success of large-scale military operations. Thus, units of the U.S.O. like the Mobile Service, the Foxhole Circuit (piloted in the B-18 transport "The Flying Showboat"), and the larger Camp Shows brought good will to such areas as Brazil, the Batangas, Taal Beach, and the Canal Zone.

In addition, U.S.O. entertainers found themselves in the position of being mother, sister, and sometimes father to a bunch of men who had long since forgotten just what it was about an American girl that made him so sure that she was the prettiest girl in the world. Problems such as drunkenness, marital complications, reconciling young wives to the sight of their mutilated husbands, and setting up adequate entertainment for Negroes in the heart of the South were accepted as routine in the daily work of hostesses, club directors, and thousands of volunteers who constituted the large working force of the United Service Organizations.

It will be unfortunate, however, if this book is used as the brief for the U.S.O.'s participation in the war. For although "Home Away from Home" is factually sound (Julia Carson was the official historian of the U.S.O.), its technique of using illustrative stories and case histories merely deteriorates into an over-sentimentalized pat on the back. Such statements as "Mr. Timothy Jones . . . had privately hoped for an emergency of some dimension because he wanted to counteract his general anxiety about George (his son) with a feeling of great usefulness" do not dissuade one from the opinion that here was another of the many expressions of personal ego, of glorying in the national emergency.

Granted that this is merely a history of the entertainment provided for the men in the service, yet it commits one sin for which there is no excuse: it portrays the GI as a lonely soldier, dependent and bashful, eager only for a touch of home cooking or a friendly smile.

What Miss Carson fails to realize was that she saw only one side of the picture. For, for every soldier who went apple-picking in the U.S.O., there were at least three who hung around the bars or stood on street corners whistling at the Victory girls who strolled by. Perhaps it was this other side that Frank Sinatra was talking about in his interview—for them there was no solution. For he realized that the U.S.O. was dealing with the most grateful of all guests, a group that was so starved for entertainment that it was satisfied with almost anything. Perhaps Mr. Sinatra felt that almost anything was not good enough for the best.

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Ages 12 up. *Illustrated, $2.25*

Quicksilver Bob

BY CORINNE LOWE. The eventful life of Robert Fulton is pictured here against the stirring background of the early days of American independence. "An excellent story of his life and times."—*Publishers' Weekly.* Ages 12 up. *Illustrated, $2.00*

Tiger at City High

By JOSEPH GOLLOMB. Just as fine as the outstanding UP AT CITY HIGH, this new novel for older boys again has the famous skyscraper high school as its center of action. An up-to-date story about high school people facing the problems of our world today. Ages 14 up. *$2.00*

The Silver Strain

By KATHRENE PINKERTON. This new Ann Jackman story for older girls and boys moves swiftly against the fascinating background of the north woods in the days when fur farming was a new idea and highly experimental. Mrs. Pinkerton recreates the country and its people with the skill of one who knows both intimately.

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Golden Sovereign

By DOROTHY LYONS. A fast-paced story for girls about a beautiful palomino, by an author experienced in riding and training horses. The chapter headings and full-page illustrations by the well-known artist, Wesley Dennis, lend distinction to the book. Ages 12 up. *$2.00*

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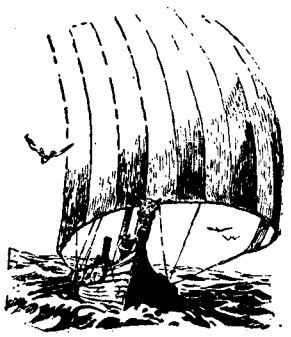
Count Your Characters

RUTH L. STEIN, a top advertising executive, has provided a witty, practical handbook on how to become a copywriter in retail advertising. Girls will find here an analysis of the qualities a successful copywriter should have, what kind of summer jobs offer valuable experience, how to apply for a job, and a complete description of how an advertising office functions. Ages 14 up. *Illustrated, $2.00*

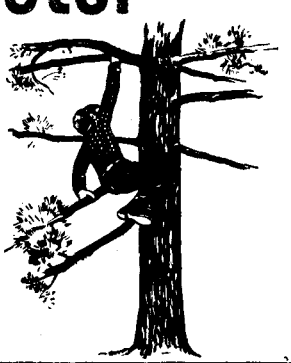


Dragon Prows Westward

By WILLIAM H. BUNCE. A rousing story of what happened to the crew members of a Viking ship when they landed on the coast of Vineland and encountered the Indians. The author gives much authentic detail of both Indian and Viking lore, but always in terms of swift action. Ages 10-14. *Illustrated, $2.00*

Penny and Peter

Story and pictures by
CAROLYN HAYWOOD



"Large type and lots of pictures . . . The chief difficulty will probably be to get a child out of the book before the last page."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*
Ages 8-12. *$2.00*

Coyotes

Text and pictures by
WILFRID S. BRONSON

A humorous, yet accurate account of this amazing animal who can sing bass and tenor at the same time. Ages 6-10. *$1.75*

At the Top of the House

Story and pictures by **ALBERTINE DELETAILLE**

This lively story of Run-Fast the mouse and Gobble-Mice the cat will enchant very young children. Albertine Deletaille is a distinguished European artist whose books for children have appeared in Belgium, Holland, and England. This is her first book to be published in America. Ages 4-6. *$1.00*

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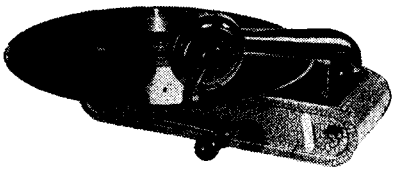

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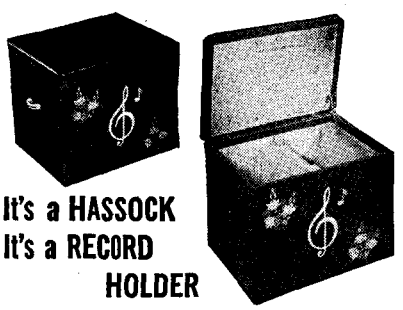

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	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
HERMAN ERMINE IN RABBIT TOWN. Story, M. Child; music, Alec Wilder. John Garfield, narrator. Mercury MMP AA1 (3 10") $3	Orch. sounds too far away; balance at fault. Voice is unusually clear and easy to understand.	A	Conventional animal fable distinguished by honest and straight-forward treatment of race problem.
FUNNYBONE ALLEY. Siegmeister, Kreymborg. Disc F606 (3 10") $3.15	Uneven; some voices are harshly recorded.	B+	Kreymborg text is good stuff; songs poor. Brotherhood of man.
THE CHILDREN'S HOUR. Longfellow poems. Victor Young, Donald Crisp. Decca 434 (3 10")....$2.75	Very clear recording of voice. Music well done.	A—	For older kids. On highbrow side, but sincere. British accent.
CHILDREN'S CORNER. 24 songs by Frank Luther. Decca 414 (4 10") $2.75	Voice clear and natural, accompaniment well balanced.	A—	Good humored, unassuming Disneyish songs; no patronizing. Musically innocuous.

ROUT

WHAT I had expected to be a minor skirmish has become a rout. For this children's number of *SRL* I'd planned to sample a few children's records, recommend some. But no sooner was the intention admitted than I was assaulted, smashed, rammed, roared at, wheedled, and wrung to utter exhaustion by the most incredible horde of vicious records I ever hope to tell of. The shops are stacked with acres of them. Dozens of Little Red Hens leer at myriad Black Sambos; Robin Hoods (Victor, Columbia, and others) stride stoutly on every side. It's Fun to Eat! yells one album, Bible Stories—All-Star Cast! shouts another. An appalling array, and I was expected to do something about it.

Truth to tell, I don't believe in children's records. I think that nine-tenths of the present output of assorted fairy tales and sugar-coated information is much more effective in the old fashioned printed form. I object violently to the patronizing, talking-down, baby stuff that many albums feature. (So do the kids, but they don't buy the records.) As for the music, virtually all of it is utterly mediocre from any larger point of view; even the better composers feel they must write down to the child's level, whatever they think that is. And yet it's not simple music, like the Schubert, Mozart, Prokofieff, the folk songs that children can love; instead it's complex stuff, sophisticated, night-clubby. Inevitably, the 100-piece symphony orchestra, which backs even the sincere story with patent insincerity and blurs up what good tunes there may be. Inevitably, too, the cute musical imitations: "Once upon a time there was an *Elephant!* (whump, whump) and a little *mouse!* (tweetytweety-tweet)." Musical motives can be clever and humorous but not these ninth-rate imitations of other people's successes. Perhaps the least painful aspect of these mass recordings is the literary content—for most are based on solid children's classics and those that imitate are so slavish as to borrow a certain amount of authenticity.

But beyond all this, the children's record stands or falls with the narrator. And here I beg to disagree with the trade on one more point. No person should read anything to children who has not a rare and instinctive feeling for a child's needs; a sense, in the speaking, of *cadence*, the rise and fall of phrase, the inflections, the pauses that make children understand in their own terms; above all, a sense of the child's own compelling dignity.

The trade, however, goes in with unanimity for announcers and movie stars, and the Voice Beautiful. The gentlemen who narrate have their own amateur ideas of what children like. They lisp and they pout and they laugh horrible synthetic ha-ha-ha's. They swoop their voices up and down. They are hirelings; they have neither interest nor faith in the truth and the beauty of their story.

'Nuff said. I can only suggest that you buy children's *books*. If they want records, give them music. Grown-up music.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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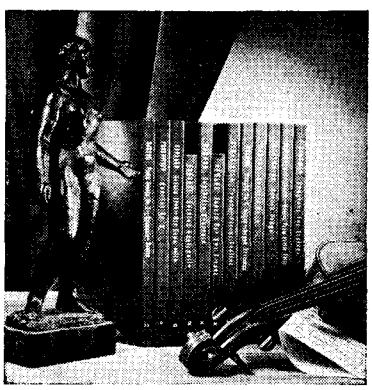

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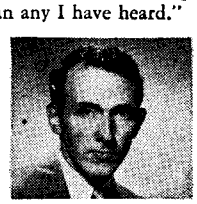

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10. *Debussy:* Sonata for Cello and Piano, Minuet from "Petite Suite", Raya Garbousova, cello, Artur Balsam, piano.
11. *William Schuman:* Symphony for Strings, Concert Hall Symphony, Edgar Schenkman, conductor.
12. *Bartok:* Second Violin Sonata, 4 Roumanian Dances, Tossy Spivakovsky, violin, Artur Balsam, Piano. A *League of Composers* release.

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SRL 1

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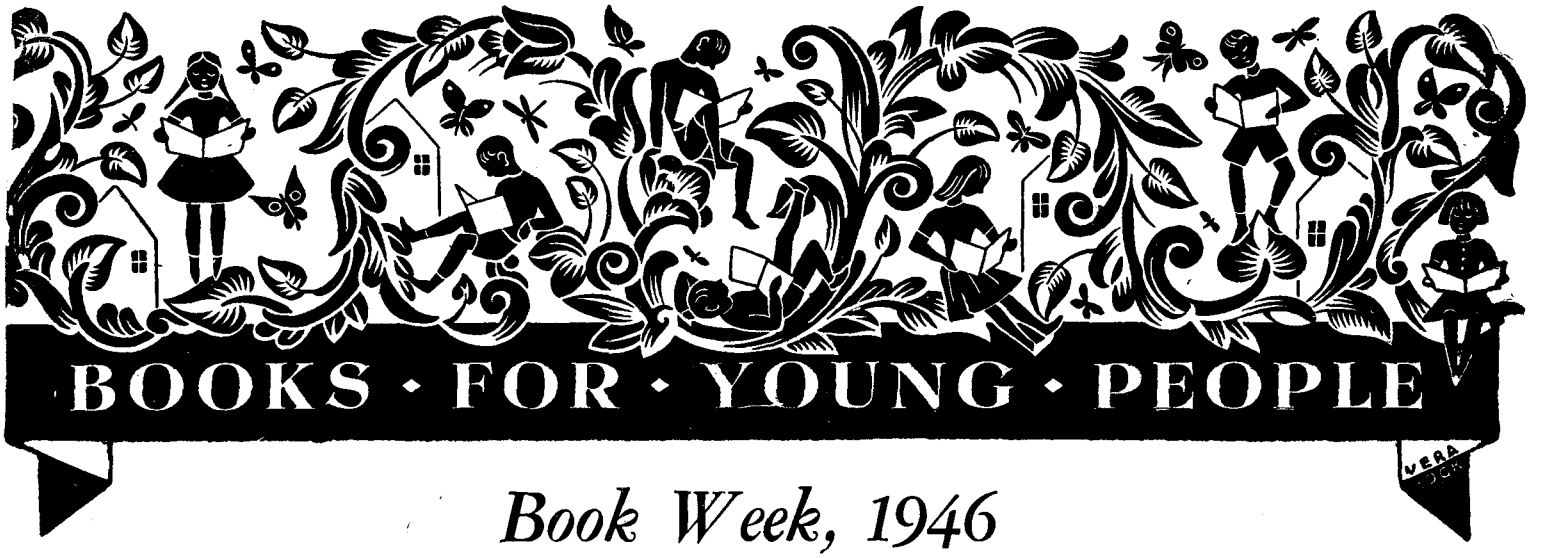

Book Week, 1946

THIS is a challenging, disillusioning, hopeful, and deeply perplexing year in children's books. If one doubts the logic of such conflicting adjectives, one has only to look at the year's output as it lies before one—row upon row, pile upon pile. Comparing the finished books with the publishers' catalogues one finds that many of them that are announced have been postponed to 1947. There are various reasons for this. One of them was the trucking strike in New York City. It will mean a rich collection for next spring; but the postponement is disappointing, not only to bookstores and libraries and to the children, but to the authors, artists, and publishers. New publishers have entered the special field of children's books and, in some cases, one wonders why. They seem to have little to offer of enduring value. On the other hand, there are new writers and illustrators who have great value. Books like William Maxwell's "The Heavenly Tenants" bring to the field a novelist of established reputation and an artist who is new to the children but known to their fathers and mothers. Marcia Brown's "The Little Carousel" introduces a fresh talent in both text and illustration. Some of the known writers and artists have excelled themselves. Carolyn Sherwin Bailey's "Miss Hickory" is far and away the most original and the most satisfying book that she has written. Olaf Baker has added greatly to his stature as a writer with "Bengey and the Beast." Louis Slobodkin's new book shows a strength and humor in both text and drawings that exceed the picture books he made for Michael. There are a few importations from the European presses, and there are translations, like the Polish "Prince Godfrey," that will help to build the bridge that is dramatized in the Book Week slogan. From reports of the United Nations General Assembly we in New York turn to the exhibit of International Book Illustration at the Morgan Library—and wonder at the waste of precious paper, print, and labor here in this country of ours. Made in the darkness of enemy occupation, these books bear eloquent testimony to the artist's power to create, to produce under almost unbearable conditions. Some of them, of course, show the tragedy of the war years. Some are gay and bright—and thereby even more moving. To people concerned with books for the children the most moving book in the exhibit is, perhaps, Karel Svolinsky's "Cesky rok-Jaro," published in Prague—those exquisite figures in color of the children dancing, running to follow the puppet, crowding around it with eager, happy faces.

One perplexing element in the year's output is the number of what one can only call "toy books." What place have they in our consideration of the writers and artists who make books for the children? One could write a miniature drama about it! The Toy Books enter the Book Department. "Kindly remove yourselves," say the Real Books stiffly. "You do not belong here. You are not *books*." "But they *call* us books," the Toy Books answer. The Real Books reply with finality, "You are *not* books because you are not meant to be read. You are to play with. Kindly leave at once." Exit the Toy Books. They enter the Toy Department. "Get out!," shriek the Toys. "What do you think you are doing here anyway?" "The Books said that we were Toys," sob the Toy Books. "Well you're *not* toys," answer the Real Toys. "You can't be because you *look* like *books*." Final exit of the Toy Books.

Seriously, all this is perplexing to the children. It takes effort and concentration on their part to learn to read. They are proud and happy when they can answer their own questions from a book, gain their own pleasure and profit, make their own choice without the help of an adult. It is just as true in childhood as it is in maturity that the thing we win through effort is a more precious thing. Toys are pleasant possessions, but they have no part in the art of reading. Some day they will be discarded. The love of books goes on as long as life lasts.

Taken as a whole, the children's books of 1946 present much that is good, much that is fresh and promising. They also present a certain amount of waste and futility.

MARY GOULD DAVIS.
Children's Book Editor.

Picture Books

THE LITTLE CAROUSEL. By Marcia Brown. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1946. 33 pp. $1.50.

THIS is a book by a new artist, and its title page is a true index to its gaiety and charm. Just above the title there is a tiny red carousel drawn by a dashing white horse. Behind it are the green trees of Washington Square on a spring day, the grey line of the Arch, and, on the horizon, the tall towers of lower Manhattan. For this is a story of a street in Greenwich Village—Sullivan Street. It is pictured on the first page. Anthony lives on Sullivan Street. It is spring and he is mending his kite. But the Street tempts him. He is just a bit bored—until the little carousel arrives. Not tiny now, it is spread across a double page, complete in every detail with Mr. Corelli in the driver's seat wearing a green and black checked shirt. "Five cents for a short ride. Ten cents for a long one!" Anthony rushes out to stand and watch it. The children come running from every direction. They mount the horse, the lion, the elephant, or

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sit luxuriously on the red-cushioned seat. By and by Mr. Corelli got very tired of turning the crank that made the animals go round and round. "Hey, boy—you there! Would you like to turn the crank and give me a rest?" So Anthony turned the crank. When it was over he solemnly shook hands with Mr. Corelli. "It's the best day I ever had in my whole life," he said.

These delightful pictures are printed in four colors. The red jacket with the little carousel standing out against it makes this a gay book for Christmas and birthday celebrations. We expect to see it in bookstores and in public libraries. We hope to see many copies of it in the hands of the children. M. G. D.

THE C-CIRCUS. By Elizabeth Hamilton. Illustrated by Michael Ladd. New York: Coward-McCann. 1946. 32 *pp.* $1.50.

THE author of "The P-Zoo" tells the story of a circus, owned by one Mrs. Prunella Smith, in which everything—animals, food, means of transportation, music, and attendents—had a name beginning with C. Once, when the circus was in Australia, a kangaroo and a koala bear asked to join. They were refused because their names began with K. Later, three adorable kittens beg to become members of the troupe. Mrs. Smith and all the C animals want them, but it is impossible to change the rules. Kitten begins with a K. Six months later, the kittens—having learned to play on musical instruments beginning with C in the meantime—apply again. This time, they are admitted because they are CATS.

Drawings that have a good deal of humor show the animals, the food, Mrs. Smith, and her three daughters. The type is large and clear and cover and end-papers are in a cheerful, Christmas-y red. M. G. D.

THE ADVENTURES OF PHUNSI. By Alison Mason Kingsbury. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1946. 88 *pp.* $2.

THIS is the first children's book by a well-known artist. It has freshness, zest, and humor, and its hero is a most ingratiating creature. Phunsi is a young and rather troublesome zebra who was captured with his mother in Africa and brought to the Central Park Zoo in New York. In Africa he was a famous runner. He ran so fast that he melted into the landscape and became invisible—which was nice for Phunsi but rather hard on his mother. In New York he practised jumping over her back until he could jump the high fence in the Zoo and roam about the city at his will. His adventures on Manhattan and Long Island include a short stay in a pet shop, a disastrous invasion of the Paddy Market, an encounter with a dissipated and rather cynical alley cat, a brief and exciting friendship with a Long Island dog who entered Phunsi in one of the famous Long Island races, a perilous trip across the East River on a barrel, and an eventual return to the Zoo and to his mother. Every once in a while Miss Kingsbury "drops into verse." Some of the verses have rhythm, but it might have been wiser to have made it all prose. All the characters, including the alley cat, have humor and personality. The illustrations in black and white are distinctive and pleasing M. G. D.

WHAT'S IN THE TRUNK? Story and illustrations by Irena Lorentowicz. New York: Roy Publishers. 1946. *No paging.* $1.50.

The Polish artist who has illustrated some outstanding picture books presents a book that is partly a toy in which two children "dress up" in the costumes of various countries. It has spirited, humorous drawings in full color.

GREYLOCK AND THE ROBINS. By Tom Robinson. Illustrated by Robert Lawson. New York: The Viking Press. 1946. 32 *pp.* $2.

This tale of a miniature drama played out in a New England garden is illustrated with a series of water-color paintings that are practically "the last word" on the posture and reactions of a grey cat and a mother robin. In full color.

AT THE TOP OF THE HOUSE. By Albertine Deletaille. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1946. 27 *pp.* $1.

A Belgian artist presents her first picture book published in the United States. It tells of a mouse who gets away from a cat by eating his way into a large red cheese. The drawings, printed in gray and red, are humorous and original.

HARRIET. By Charles McKinley, Jr. With pictures by William Péne Du Bois. New York: The Viking Press. 1946. 44 *pp.* $2.
Reviewed in the *SRL* for April 20th.

THE MITTY CHILDREN FIX THINGS. Story and Pictures by Nura. New York: American Studio Books. 1946. 38 *pp.* $2.50.
Reviewed in the *SRL* for June 15th.

THE BIGGERTY CHAMELEON. By Edith Pope. Pictures by Dorothy Grider. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1946. 33 *pp.* $1.50.
Reviewed in the *SRL* for June 15th.

THE RUNAWAY SHUTTLE TRAIN. Story by Muriel Fuller. Pictures by Dorothy Dana. Philadelphia: David McKay Co. 1946. 56 *pp.* $2.

An original and highly entertaining tale of the No. 2 Shuttle Train in the New York City Subway. The pictures in full color show the various places in Greater New York that the runaway train passed. A picture book for children everywhere around the globe.

WHEN GRANDMA WAS A LITTLE GIRL. Illustrated by Mela Koehler-Broman. With Text by Ingrid Smith. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1946. 25 *pp.* $1.

A cheering indication that the world is at peace, this picture book printed in Sweden tells of grandmother Stine who lived in Sweden, was a good housekeeper and cared for her dolls as well as the best of mothers care

—*From "The Little Carousel."*

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for their children. The charming drawings are reproduced in the clear, delicate color that distinguished the Swedish printing before the war.

TOO MANY SHOES AND STOCKINGS. By Irmengarde Eberle. Pictures by Walton Brashears. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1946. 34 *pp.* $1.50.

A picture-book story of bears who lived as men live only without clothes until one of them made it fashionable to wear shoes and stockings. Life became extremely complicated until the river flooded and the sensible bears, including the mayor, decided that footgear was totally unnecessary. Very amusing illustrations in brown.

AT DADDY'S OFFICE. By Robert Jay Misch. Illustrated by Roger Duvoisin. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. 31 *pp.* $1.50.

Mary has a rather exciting day going with her father to his office in a high building in a city that might easily be New York. She sees everything, meets everyone, and is taken out to lunch in a restaurant where "lots of people were eating at little tables." A gay picture book with illustrations opposite each text page.

THE LEAKY WHALE. By Laura and Jack Johnson. Pictures by Charles Darby. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1946. 33 *pp.* $2.

An amusing story with pictures in color of Earl the Whale who began to lose his sperm oil when a swordfish accidentally pierced his side. The oil calmed the sea in a storm, and the grateful crew of a schooner mended Earl and made him as good as ever.

PEDRO, THE ANGEL OF OLIVER STREET. By Leo Politi. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1946. 63 *pp.* $1.75.

A picture book in color set in the Mexican quarter of Los Angeles. To be reviewed in the Christmas number.

THE BRAVE BANTAM. By Louise Seaman. Illustrated by Helen Sewell. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1946. 48 *pp.* $1.

Reviewed in *SRL* for August 10th.

MR. 2 OF EVERYTHING. By M. S. Klutch. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. New York: Coward-McCann. 1946. 32 *pp.* $1.50.

A picture book in black and white about a man who insisted upon having two of everything including houses and all articles of clothing. He had, however, only one wife and one son. How the problem was solved happily for everyone is a good story enlivened by Kurt Wiese's amusing drawings.

PANCAKES FOR BREAKFAST. By Grace Paull. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1946. 27 *pp.* $1.75.

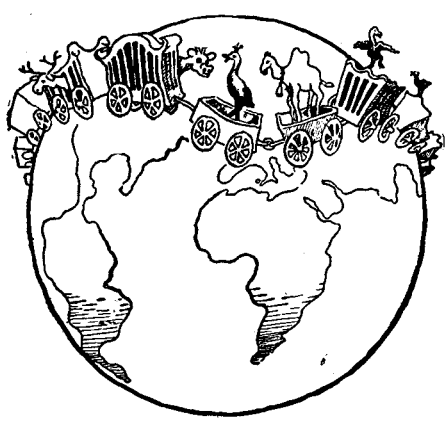
Sap running from the sugar-maple trees and the fun of making the first maple syrup and eating the pancakes that go with it. A large picture book in color and black and white.

PRETZEL AND THE PUPPIES. By Margret and H. A. Rey. New York: Harper & Bros. 1946. 29 *pp.* $1.

The very long dachshund Pretzel now has five puppies as well as a wife. Their adventures are arranged like a very good comic strip, in bright color and on good paper. They are original and very amusing.

THE BLOWAWAY HAT. By Leone Adelson. Pictures by Dorothy Wagstaff. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1946. 31 *pp.* $1.50.

For a text rather on the nursery-school pattern Miss Wagstaff has made pictures in two colors that have real humor and vitality. They show the adventures of mother's hat blown by a high wind through city streets.



—From "The C-Circus."

CAP'N DOW AND THE HOLE IN THE DOUGHNUT. By LeGrand. New York: Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. 1946. 45 *pp.* $1.

An amusing nautical version of why the doughnut has a hole in it. Large type and vigorous, slightly caricatured drawings printed in black and sea-green.

Folklore—Fantasy

THE HEAVENLY TENANTS. By William Maxwell. Pictures by Ilonka Karasz. New York: Harper & Bros. 1946. 58 *pp.* $2.

THIS story begins quietly in a Wisconsin farmhouse. Mr. and Mrs. Marvell are packing to go to Virginia with Roger, Heather, and the twins. That evening Mr. Marvell takes them all out to look at the stars. One by one he points out the constellations in the spring Zodiac and tells them about the others that will come along later in the year. Mr. Marvel is deeply interested in the stars. To him "the farm was like a big house with the sky for a roof." The next morning, when they were ready to start for Virginia, they found that August, the hired man, was missing. Mr. Marvell *thought* that he saw him in the distance crossing a field. But he was mistaken. In Virginia, when they all looked again at the stars, Mr. Marvell made a very strange discovery. The constellations were not in the sky at all. He even looked through a telescope. "I can't find the Crab," he said solemnly. "It just isn't there."

That same night the neighbors in Wisconsin saw a brilliant light in the direction of the Marvell farm, not like daylight, or like firelight, but like starlight, only brighter. There was no fire. The light remained constant, but there was nothing burning. Two weeks later August walked over to the Marvell farm. The first thing that he noticed was that the old weathervane on the barn had been replaced by a bright new one—a golden lion. On the hillside an arrow whizzed by him and he caught a glimpse of a boy who "walked proudly with such a light step that he made no sound." In the pasture there was a milk-white bull, a ram, and a goat that he had never seen before. The door of the house opened and two little boys, evidently twins, came out. They were not the Marvell twins. The man who walked out of the barn with two milk pails might have been Mr. Marvell—but he wasn't. August wondered if he were a little feverish. But he felt well, better than usual.

When the three weeks of their visit in Virginia had passed the Marvells came home. Everything seemed the same. But when Mr. Marvell went to the barn he found two shining new milk pails, both marked on the bottom with a sign of the zodiac—the sign of the Water Carrier. In the woods Roger picked up a silver arrow. The buckets in the twin's sandpile were filled with what looked like tiny silver stars. Heather found strange flowers near the brook—beautiful as the flowers in a dream.

A successful novelist wrote this story. The outstanding quality in it is its restraint. Nothing is obvious, much is implied. Familiar, homely things are here. The stars are in the sky. But no imaginative child will hesitate in his belief that the signs of the zodiac came down and spent three weeks at the Marvell farm. No one in the story saw them but old August, and he did not bother himself or them with questions. The writing is simple and objective. There is beauty and feeling in every word.

Ilonka Karasz is perhaps best

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For Children's Book Week

America's Paul Revere

By Esther Forbes
Illustrated by Lynd Ward

Paul Revere's exciting story is here told through vivid text and superbly beautiful illustrations. All the family will enjoy this book through many readings, for it brings to life not only a gifted craftsman and true patriot, but the very beginnings of American history. (Ages 8-12) $2.50

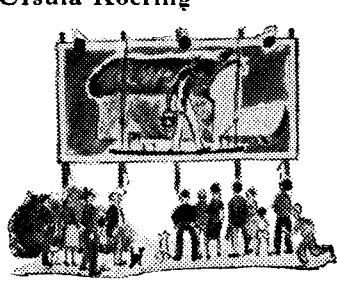
The Fat Baron

By Clip Boutell Illustrated by Frank Lieberman

Once there was a baron named Frederick Charles Henry Maximilian Francis Avoirdupois, but everyone called him the Fat Baron. The way he reduced and the funny battle he fought will delight children. (Ages 5-9) $2.00

Slappy Hooper The Wonderful Sign Painter.

By Arna Bontemps & Jack Conroy Illustrated by Ursula Koering



Slappy Hooper was the world's biggest, fastest, and bestest sign painter. When he painted a loaf of bread, the birds tried to eat it. In fact, his signs were too good to last and caused Slappy plenty of trouble. (Ages 8-12) $2.00

Shooting Star Farm

By Anne Molloy Illustrated by Barbara Cooney

When Sabra and Judy, the girl next door, joined forces to earn money for the Shooting Star Farm riding school, they had many good times, and Sabra even solved a puzzling mystery. (Ages 8-12) $2.50

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HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY · BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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known to readers through the covers of *The New Yorker*. For this book she has made three double-page drawings in white ink on dark blue. They are realistic in detail and beautiful in design. The cover-jacket is in full, rich color. It reminds one of the early Italian artists or of one of Lauren Ford's paintings. M. G. D.

MISS HICKORY. By Carolyn Sherwin Bailey. With lithographs by Ruth Gannett. New York: The Viking Press. 1946. 212 *pp.* $2.50.

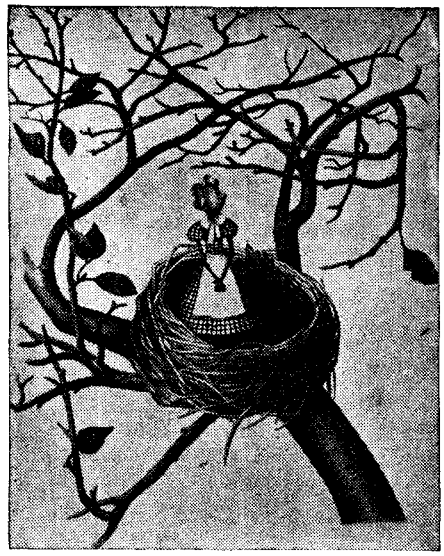
MISS HICKORY was "a country woman whose body was an applewood twig and whose head was a hickory nut." With her sharp wit, her courage, and her resourcefulness she is one of the most interesting personalities to emerge from the books of 1946. She affects one as a glass of tangy wine made from grapes ripened in the autumn sun.

Miss Hickory lives in a small, neat corncob house in the orchard near the Old Place, which is empty now because the family have gone to the city for the winter. Only Mr. T. Willard Brown, the cat, is left. He has retired to the barn for the winter. There are mice in the barn. A flighty chipmunk takes over Miss Hickory's house, and Crow suggests that she live in the deserted robin's nest in the apple tree. She has an interesting winter.

It may seem sad that Squirrel got extremely hungry and ate Miss Hickory's head. But the thing that happens to her afterward is so satisfying that there is no room for sadness. With her we share the lovely sequence of autumn, winter, and spring in the New England countryside. All the tiny details of wood and meadow as they loom up in her little world are ours. We listen, entranced, to her lively dialogue with Mr. T. Willard Brown. We watch with her the strange friendship between Wild Heifer and the doe. Miss Gannett's lithographs are perfect illustrations for the story. It is an attractive book. M. G. D.

THE RUNAWAY SOLDIER AND OTHER TALES OF OLD RUSSIA. Retold by Fruma Gottschalk. Illustrated by Simon Lissim. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. 163 *pp.* $2.50.

ALTHOUGH these folktales, told from memory, are built around the old Russian themes there is a modern touch in both text and pictures. Simon Lissim's drawings are in both color and in black and white. The full-page ones are small, set in a wide border, each one with a different design. The end-papers are original and delightful. They ex-



—*From "Miss Hickory."*

actly suit the short, crisp, amusing tales. Some of these the children will recognize—although they are in slightly different form. "The Little Rooster" will make them think of "Budulinik" and "The Princess Who Could Not Smile," of the Norse "The Princess Whom Nobody Could Silence." Two of the stories are what the New York boys and girls call "riddle stories." "The Peasant's Riddle" and "Yes, No and Never" will be very popular at the Story Hour. In "The Little Fool" one traces the Cinderella theme. This is a new version—and a good one. We can think of no nicer Christmas present than this gay, attractive book. It will be approved by young and old and it *looks* like Christmas!

M. G. D.

THE ADVENTURES OF ARAB. By Louis Slobodkin. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1946. 128 *pp.* $2.

ARAB is a merry-go-round horse carved from the root of a tree in an Arabian desert mirage. Therefore he is magic. He is the most popular horse in the merry-go-round in Central Park, but he is restless. He longs to see more of the wonders of Manhattan. The old coach horse—a character that will delight New Yorkers—stands not far from the merry-go-round with his master, Mr. Bill, and takes people to drive in the Park. He and Arab get acquainted, and the coach horse offers to let Arab take his place with Mr. Hill for twenty-four hours. One foggy night Arab slips out of the steel ring that fastens him to the merry-go-round and finds his way, with some difficulty, to Mr. Bill's stable. There the coach horse disguises him, dressing him in his own hat and blanket-coat. Mr. Bill comes, the coach horse hides under the hay, and Mr. Bill and Arab drive off.

This is the longest and the best story that this author-artist has made for the children. And the illustrations are equally good. The last picture—of Arab in his golden coat high above the city—is sure to be the favorite among the boys and girls who like and admire Louis Slobodkin's work.

This book will be ready some time in November. M. G. D.

LITTLE GIANT. By A. De Quincey. Illustrated by Jon Nielson. New York: Howell, Soskin Co. 1946. 199 *pp.* $2.50.

JAMES CHRISTOPHER ATLASSON was only a small giant—ten feet, to be exact—which made it simpler for him to explore the world of men than if he had been a full-sized giant. Most men, in their stupidity and self-assurance, refused to believe that the Little Giant was a giant at all, but these were the ones who lived to regret their blindness because the Little Giant knew all the magic of good giants—and used it when necessary. During his week among men Little Giant saw many types of human beings. He found how selfish are the interests of many, how highly they value money, and how little humor and kindness they have where money is concerned. He saw other men as well. He saw the kindly clergyman, the poor farmer's boy, the light-hearted professor who was learning to drive a car, and the young lovers who were prevented from marrying by selfish relatives. With his good heart and his giant skills he helped them all.

This is a book which succeeds in giving the giants a place in our world and in making very clear their own magnificent natural habitat, with its great forests, its snow-capped mountains, and its gleaming lakes filled with salmon. There is humor and some irony in the story, which as a whole, rings true. RUTH A. HILL.

MISS PENNYFEATHER AND THE POOKA. By Eileen O'Faolain. Pictures by Aldren A. Watson. New York: Random House. 1946. 154 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for September 28th.

THE MAGIC SHOP. By Maurice Dolbier. Illustrated by Fritz Eichenberg. New York: Random House. 1946. 75 *pp.* $1.75.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for September 28th.

GIGI IN AMERICA. By Elizabeth Foster. Illustrated by Phyllis Coté. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1946. 124 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for August 10th.

THE DISCONTENTED VILLAGE.

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Viking Junior Books, 1946

A LITTLE CHILD

The Christmas Story Told in Bible Verses

Chosen by JESSIE ORTON JONES
Illustrated by Elizabeth Orton Jones

Perfect for reading aloud. Elizabeth Orton Jones' lovely pictures show the pageant as children themselves have presented it, with scenery and costumes made from simple, everyday objects. *Ages 6-12* $2.00

PAGEANT TEXT of *A Little Child,* with stage directions by Jessie Orton Jones. *16 pages with words of hymns and carols, 50 cents.* The effect of this pageant is so beautiful that a 16 mm. sound movie has been made from it for school, church, and library distribution.

A KITTEN'S TALE
Written and illustrated by AUDREY CHALMERS
A homeless but hopeful kitten chooses a new home by watching the feet of passers-by. *Ages 4-6.* $1.50

HOLIDAY
Written and illustrated by WESLEY DENNIS
A show horse who unselfishly postpones retirement, for a very special reason. *Ages 5-8.* $2.00

THE BOATS ON THE RIVER
By MARJORIE FLACK. *Ill. by Jay Hyde Barnum*
A marvelous picture of a busy river flowing through a great city. Full-color illustrations. *Ages 6-9.* $2.50

MY DOG RINTY
By ELLEN TARRY and MARIE HALL ETS
Photos by Alexander and Alexandra Alland
"Full of simple, human emotions that everyone will enjoy."—*Boston Herald.* *Ages 7-10.* $1.50

ONCE THERE WAS A LITTLE BOY
By DOROTHY KUNHARDT. *Ill. by Helen Sewell*
"A tender and moving book."—R. H. HILL, *Saturday Review of Literature.* *Ages 7-10.* $2.50

GREYLOCK AND THE ROBINS
By TOM ROBINSON
Water-color paintings by Robert Lawson
How Mrs. Robin saved Robin Junior from a hungry, sleek cat named Greylock. *Ages 7-9.* $2.00

BIG MUSIC or Twenty Merry Tales to Tell
Chosen by MARY NOEL BLEECKER
Ill. by Louis S. Glanzman
"A book to delight girls and boys. A valuable aid to the story teller."—ANNE T. EATON, *All ages.* $2.50

HARRIETT By CHARLES MCKINLEY, JR.
Ill. by William Pène du Bois
"Boys, girls, and their elders find Harriett a lasting joy."—ANNE T. EATON, *N. Y. Times. All ages.* $2.00

MISS HICKORY
By CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY
With lithographs by Ruth Gannett
The surprising story of New Hampshire Miss Hickory, whose head is a nut. Fine lithographs. *Ages 8-12.* $2.50

THE SEA IS BLUE
Written and illustrated by MARIE A. LAWSON
A romantic story of Nantucket and the spell of the sea as it held three generations. *Ages 12-15.* $2.00

BIG TREE *Written and illustrated by*
MARY and CONRAD BUFF
Thrilling life story of one of the oldest and biggest trees in the world, the Sequoia. *Ages 10-15.* $3.00

OLD CON AND PATRICK
By RUTH SAWYER. *Ill. by Cathal O'Toole*
Patrick, a victim of infantile paralysis, is helped to a fuller life by family, friends, and pets. *Ages 12-15.* $2.00

ROMMANY LUCK
By PATRICIA GORDON. *Ill. by Rafaello Busoni*
An adventurous gypsy story of medieval England, swinging with the joy of outdoors. *Ages 10-15.* $2.00

JUNGLE JOURNEY
By JO BESSE MCELVEEN WALDECK
Ill. by Kurt Wiese
"Exceptionally fine library and school material."—VIRGINIA KIRKUS. *High School age.* $2.50

THE HIDDEN TREASURE OF GLASTON
By ELEANORE M. JEWETT
Ill. by Frederick T. Chapman
Books lead a crippled boy of medieval England to health and a great discovery. *High School age.* $2.50

TREASURE FOR THE TAKING
A Book List for Boys and Girls
By ANNE THAXTER EATON
"Oh for a golden star to set against this...fine and helpful new book."—*Christian Science Monitor.* $2.50

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THE VIKING PRESS, 18 East 48th Street, New York 17, N. Y.

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By Rose Dobbs. Illustrated by Beatrice Tobias. New York: Coward-McCann. 1946. 32 *pp.* $1.50.

Based on an old saying, this tells of a village where everyone was envious and unhappy until a stranger came and told the villagers to put their troubles in bags and bring them to the village square. Drawings with humor and atmosphere on every page.

PUNCH: HIS LIFE AND ADVENTURES. By Octave Feuillet. Translated from the French by Paul McPharlin with the original illustrations by Bertall. New York: Didier. 1946. 128 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for September 28th.

TALES OF AN OLD SIBERIAN TRAPPER. By Vitaly Bianchi. Illustrated by Y. Vassnetsov. Philadelphia: Colonial House. 1946. 32 *pp.* $1.50.

Folktales of the birds and beasts which live in the Siberian woods. The illustrations are in color.

THE TALE OF A FLY. By Vitaly Bianchi. Illustrated by Y. Vassnetsov. Philadelphia: Colonial House. 1946. 19 *pp.* $1.

A Russian folktale that has, as most old tales have, a moral. Format for little children with pictures in color.

THE TIGER AND THE RABBIT. By Pura Belprè. Illustrated by Kay Peterson Parker. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1946. 119 *pp.* $1.75.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for April 20th.

WAKAIMA AND THE CLAY MAN: and Other African Tales. By E. B. Kalibala and Mary Gould Davis. Illustrated by Avery Johnson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1946. 145 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for Septembber 28th.

STAR MOUNTAIN: and Other Legends of Mexico. By Camilla Campbell. Illustrated by Ena McKinney. New York: Whittlesey House. 1946. 82 *pp.* $2.50.

Legends of the Mayas, the Toltecs, and the Aztecs. They are told simply and without much atmosphere. The full-page drawings in color are more effective than the text. A glossary and a bibliography are included.

PRINCE GODFREY. By Halina Gorski. Illuminated by Irena Lorentowicz. New York: Roy Publishers. 1946. 207 *pp.* $3.

Twelve stories of a medieval knight with illustrations in color and designs in black and red. To be reviewed in the Christmas number.

ARMENIAN FOLK TALES. Russian version by I. Khatchatrianz. Translation by N. W. Orloff. Illustrations by Martyros Saryan. Philadelphia: Colonial House. 1946. 141 *pp.* $2.

Old folk tales gathered and recorded in Soviet Armenia. The theme of several is familiar, but the atmosphere and wording are different. Illustrations by a modern Russian artist.

SAND FOR THE SANDMAN. By Dola de Jong. Pictures by Natalie Norton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1946. 88 *pp.* $1.75.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for September 28th.

WINKY, KING OF THE GARDEN. By Dorothy C. Hogner. Pictures by Nils Higner. New York: Oxford University Press. 1946. 34 *pp.* $1.

Winky is a scarecrow who makes a contract with the rabbits and squirrels and other little animals to help him protect the garden from crows. Full-page and marginal drawings printed in pale green illustrate effectively an amusing story.

BIG MUSIC: Twenty Merry Tales to Tell. Chosen by Mary Noel Bleecker. Illustrated by Louis S. Glanzman. New York: The Viking Press. 1946. 256 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for April 20th.

DEMONS AND DERVISHES. Tales with More-than-Oriental-Splendor. Selected by Phyllis R. Fenner. Illustrated by Henry C. Pitz. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. 185 *pp.* $2.

A collection of folktales from the East: China, India, Turkey, Persia, and Japan, with one from Jugoslavia and one modern one from Howard Pyle.

—From "The Wonderful Year."

Stories for Younger Boys and Girls

THE WONDERFUL YEAR. By Nancy Barnes. Illustrated by Kate Seredy. New York: Julian Messner. 1946 185 *pp.* $2.50.

THE wonderful year came when Ellen and her father and mother, a generation or so ago, traveled from a small town in Kansas to Colorado where they built a "ranch house" and started a fruit farm. Father rode in a freight car so that he could take care of Billy, the horse, and Bob, the fox terrier. But Ellen and her mother rode in state in a Pullman, although a cage containing a canary and a pail filled with goldfish somewhat impaired their elegance. Ellen, being twelve, was embarrassed and miserable.

To us, the outstanding quality in this delightful story is its humor. All of the characters, including the animals, possess an underlying humor that never becomes strained or obvious. Ellen herself, with her self-consciousness, her small problems and frustrations, her innate good sense, is both funny and pathetic. Kate Seredy's expressive drawings confirm the character's attractions.

How does one express the value of a story like this? To say that it is "readable" is too negative. Reading it gives us a sense of optimism about the world in general and the United States of America in particular. Ellen's "growing pains" are, we know, only temporary. She has the essential things—security, affection, trust, and a lively sense of humor. The story of her year is a delight to read, but it is more than that. It is a book that restores our faith in sane and gracious living. M. G. D.

BLUE RIDGE BILLY. Written and Illustrated by Lois Lenski. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1946. 203 *pp.* $2.50.

LAST year Miss Lenski's "Strawberry Girl," a tale of the Florida Crackers, won the Newbery Medal. This year she turns to the mountains of North Carolina. Billy Honeycutt lived with his family in one of those "straight up and down," rather ugly wooden houses that dot the slopes of the Great Smokies and the Cumberlands. Some distance away there was a general store kept by one Jeb Dotson. Billy loved to go there to listen to the gossip and the old-fashioned phonograph. High up above his house on the edge of the mountain old Granny Trivett lived in a tiny shack with her granddaughter. Then there

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Christmas Books for Younger Readers

THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD

written and illustrated by **HOWARD PYLE**

BOOK DESIGNED BY RICHARD ELLIS

On the occasion of its Centennial year, Charles Scribner's Sons is proud to present a new edition of *The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood*, a book that children of all ages have particularly cherished since its original publication in 1883.

This is a new edition in every respect. Fresh, new plates were made from the original Pyle drawings, trimmed to satisfy modern tastes. The prominent designer, Richard Ellis, was called in to give the book an attractive new format and a bright, readable type page which children insist upon today.

Here is the ideal Christmas gift for the boys and girls of this generation, a great number of whom will be experiencing their first real love of books as they read and re-read *The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood*. $3.00

Two Delightful Christmas Stories

PEDRO THE ANGEL OF OLVERA STREET

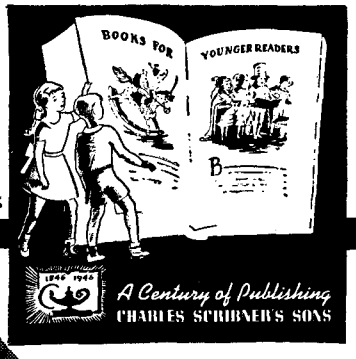
written and pictured in four colors by **LEO POLITI**

Here is the charming and gay story of how little Pedro led the traditional Mexican Christmas procession held on Olvera Street, the original "pueblo" of Los Angeles. Striking color pictures and festival songs make it a delightful gift for all children. $1.75

GIFT OF THE EARTH

told and illustrated in four colors by **PACHITA CRESPI**

This lovely picture story from Costa Rica, written and illustrated by a Costa Rican, tells how three little country girls longed for a "Mayan" doll and of the surprising treasure found in the earth on Christmas Eve. The bright "Mayan" colors add charm to this true Christmas story of our neighbors across the border. $1.25



THE LITTLE CAROUSEL

***told by* MARCIA BROWN**

The story of a gay little carousel and what happened on a city street when Toni Corelli turned the crank which started the music and set the horses prancing. $1.50

THE BROWNIES

adapted from the story by

JULIANA HORATIA EWING

Illustrated in color by Katherine Milhous

Here is the story to which the Brownie Scouts owe their name; their own story for the first time made into a charming book. $1.50

DADDY AND ME

***by* JONATHAN**

Illustrated by Lisa Babcock

Jonathan, aged two-and-a-bit, here describes his Daddy's many virtues in this humorous picture book. There's plenty of fun for father and son. $1.00

BHIMSA, THE DANCING BEAR

***by* CHRISTINE WESTON**

Illustrated by Roger Duvoisin

A charming story of two boys and a dancing bear in India, by the author of the adult best-seller "The Dark Wood." Pictures in two colors throughout. $2.00

CIRCUS SCHOOL

written and illustrated by

PAUL BROWN

A big picture book about a circus family and all the circus animals. An animal-alphabet and a game to play make it a particularly appealing children's book. $2.00

OLD ABE, AMERICAN EAGLE

***by* LORRAINE SHERWOOD**

Illustrated in four colors by Katherine Milhous

Here is a unique American story—of old Abe, the eagle that became the mascot of a Wisconsin regiment during the Civil War. Distinguished illustrations make it a fitting gift book for all ages. $1.50

NIKO'S MOUNTAINS

***by* MARIA GLEIT**

Illustrated by Mimi Korach

The touching and timely story of Niko—one of the lost children of postwar Europe. How a friendly Swiss family adopted him, teaching him a new way of life, will make an indelible impression on all younger readers. $2.50

ALONG JANET'S ROAD

***by* ALICE DALGLIESH**

In this sequel to "The Silver Pencil" Janet, our favorite young heroine, embarks on a new set of exciting experiences in a large publishing house. $2.50

AT ALL BOOKSTORES
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

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was Uncle Jamie and his family who loved to make music, old Uncle Pozy, the basket maker, Hemby the Miller, and Miss Viney at the little post-office, and down in Hollow, a group of boys who made trouble for everyone. All of these people who make up Billy's world speak the idiom of the Southern Highlands—words that go back to the time of Chaucer. Miss Lenski reproduces it faithfully. End-papers and drawings by the author deepen the impression of characters and background. M. G. D.

THE BEGINNING WAS A DUTCHMAN. By Isla Mitchell. Illustrated by Richard Kennedy. New York: Dodd Mead & Co. 1946. 199 *pp.* $2.

THERE was nothing the Sykes children liked better than "messing around in boats" and their parents shared their enthusiasm. Their vacation started auspiciously when Mark and Bede discovered that their father had bought a neat little Dutch boat and had planned an exciting trip in it. On the first night, however, the sail was cut to bits by some malicious mischief maker. The trip was not spoiled because the boat had a motor, but from then on the Sykes family was on the lookout for "the man with a beard" whom they felt was involved. Then they discovered that the boat was owned originally by a famous Dutch scientist whose secret formula was badly wanted by more than one country. Before the holiday was over Bede and Mark were involved in exciting adventures—kidnapped, imprisoned on a German ship, questioned by the Gestapo.

The story is crowded with details of small boats, canals, locks, and rivers. It is also filled with English slang and rather tiresome incidents. Mrs. Mitchell wrote this book from her experience, shared with her own children. Perhaps she is still too close to those experiences to give them the perspective that is needed for a more universal appeal. The line drawings have atmosphere and vitality.

R. A. H.

THE SECRET OF THE OLD SAMPEY PLACE. By Frances Fitzpatrick Wright. Illustrated by Margaret Ayer. New York: Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. 1946. 128 *pp.* $1.50.

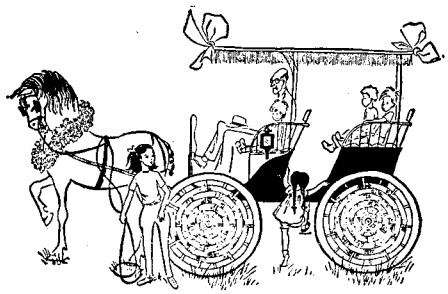
THE minute Judy Jemison, perched on a hickory chair in the back of an old farm wagon, caught sight of the old Sampey Place it felt like home to her. Perhaps her parents were discouraged by the sagging roof, the broken windows, and over-grown yard of the little house they had inherited. It was, at least, their own. In no time at all they were settled there and it wasn't long before the house began to look more ship-shape. Everything seemed very nearly perfect to Judy. But best of all was a room of her own in the attic, and the secret she discovered behind a loose brick in the chimney.

Frances Wright has told it all so vividly that one feels sure one would recognize the Sampey Place. The illustrations are as sympathetically handled as the story itself.

MARIAN KING.

THE OLD HOUSE AT DUCK LIGHT COVE. Written and Illustrated by Mabel Betsy Hill. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1946. 126 *pp.* $1.75.

THE publishers are quite right. Mabel Betsy Hill does write in the "Louisa M. Alcott tradition." In fact, there is practically nothing in either the story or the illustrations of this book to reveal that it is modern. It might just as well have appeared half a century ago.



—From "Shooting Star Farm."

The plot tells of the restoration of an abandoned colonial house through the initiative of Judy Jo and her friends. It is an interesting idea and the action and continuity are smooth. The characters are less convincing. Judy Jo herself is so very, very good that she becomes a bit tiresome.

M. K.

SHOOTING STAR FARM. By Anne Molloy. Illustrations by Barbara Cooney. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1946. 231 *pp.* $2.50.

WHEN the Keltons moved to Shooting Star Farm and started their riding school Sabra got her heart's desire—a friend of her own age. Tony got his heart's desire—a job with horses. The Keltons had little money, but a good deal of optimism and willingness to work. Best of all they were the sort of people who inspired loyalty in others. There were times when it looked as though the disagreeable Mr. Pitney would succeed in forcing the Keltons to close their school and take it over himself; but with the enterprising Sabra and Judy working on the problem and with all the children in the neighborhood determined that it would be a success, the Shooting Star Farm Riding School became as firmly established in the community as in the hearts of its defenders.

This is a jolly, warm, friendly book. It is the kind of book that girls of ten or so enjoy because they identify themselves completely with the characters. Barbara Cooney's black and white drawings for it are original and delightful. R. A. H.

IMPS AND ANGELS. By Jane Gilbert. Illustrated by Nedda Walker. New York: E. P. Dutton Co. 1946. 179 *pp.* $2.

Young Hugh, son of Thomas the stonecarver, lived in thirteenth-century England, in Lincolnshire where the great cathedral was being slowly built. Old Oak, his grandfather, gives the story its plot and its mystery. There are midnight pranks in the bell tower and strolling players, the annual Miracle Play and the every-day life of Hugh and his family. The story is touched with a humor that makes it seem contemporary. The black and white illustrations are unusually good.

THE LION'S PAW. By Robb White. Illustrated by Ralph Ray. Garden City: Doubleday & Co. 1946. 243 *pp.* $2.

An adventure story of Ben Sturges who, with a brother and sister from an Orphan Asylum, sails his father's boat through the canals and lakes from the West Coast of Florida to the Gulf of Mexico. Ben and Nick and Penny are appealing people, and there is lots of action.

BAYOU BOY. By Eleanor Frances Lattimore. Illustrated by the author. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1946. 128 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for September 28th.

THE SEA IS BLUE. Written and Illustrated by Marie A. Lawson. New York: The Viking Press. 1946. 128 *pp.* $2.

A Nantucket story with illustrations in grey and blue. To be reviewed in the Christmas number.

BRIGHT APRIL. By Marguerite de Angeli. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1946. 88 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed on August 10th.

OLD CON AND PATRICK. By Ruth Sawyer. Illustrated by Cathal O'Toole. New York: The Viking Press. 1946. 138 *pp.* $2.

The story of a lame Irish boy in an American university town, of his tame bluejay and his dog. It will be reviewed in the Christmas number.

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HARPER BOOKS *for* BOYS *and* GIRLS

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By MARGARET WISE BROWN. "The little book, which is boxed, has an additional slip cover of fur, and the book even without the novel cover is delightful. **GARTH WILLIAMS** drew the pictures which are of the Fur Child and his family and his home and a day in the woods. Very little people will cherish it."—*Publishers' Weekly.* Boxed 3½"x 5¼". $1.50

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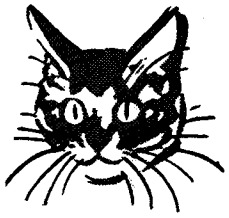

By CLARE TURLAY NEWBERRY. Big cats and little kittens—twenty-six of all kinds—fill the pages of this irresistible alphabet book. There's an engaging verse for each cat and letter, and all twenty-six pictures are in color. *Coming in November.* $2.00

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JOHNNY AND HIS WONDERFUL BED. By Elizabeth Townsend. Illustrated by Rafaello Busoni. New York: Stephen Daye. 1946. 55 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for April 20th.

THE CASTLE OF ADVENTURE. By Enid Blyton. Illustrated by Stuart Tesilian. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1946. 251 *pp.* $2

Reviewed in the *SRL* for September 28th.

RIDE, COWBOY, RIDE. By Billy Warren. Illustrated by the author. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1946. 118 *pp.* $2.50.

One of the few good cowboy stories for the younger boys and girls, this tells all the exciting details of a roundup, the branding of cattle, races and "bucking contests" and the jolly give and take of the range. Drawings by the author, who was a cowboy himself when he was Danny's age.

FIVE ACRE HILL. By Paul Corey. Illustrated by James MacDonald. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1946 273 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for October 19th.

GIFT OF THE EARTH. By Pachita Crespi. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1946. 31 *pp.* $1.25.

A story of Mexico for little children with illustrations by the author in color. To be reviewed in the Christmas number.

MICHAEL'S VICTORY. By Clara Ingram Judson. Illustrated by Elmer Wexler. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1946. 192 *pp.* $2.

The latest of Miss Judson's stories of children of other countries who settled in America, this tells of Irish Michael who came to Ohio in the early 1850's. He is a typical Irish boy and his championship of the new railroad brings out his ready wit and his fighting courage.

NO SCHOOL FRIDAY. By Fran Martin. Illustrated by Dorothy McEntee. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1946. 135 *pp.* $2.

How Ronny Wilson and his playmates spent a week-end. A realistic story with a touch of humor.

STAR IN THE WILLOWS. By Katherine Wigmore Eyre. Illustrated by Gertrude Howe. New York: Oxford University Press. 1946. 174 *pp.* $2.

A story by the author of *Lottie's Valentine* of a ten-year-old girl on a ranch in southern California. Illustrated in full color.

CHITTER CHAT STORIES. By Margaret Cabell Self. Illustrated by Virginia Grilley. New York: E. P. Dutton Co. 1946. 72 *pp.* $1.75.

Four fanciful tales of the Baker of Chit Chat Town, of his horse Jasmine, of the Sage who spoke only once in twenty-four hours and of Stephen the Simpleton who always solved the Baker's problems. Many decorative and amusing nineteenth-century drawings.

WHITNEY AND JINGLEBOB. Story and pictures by Glan Rounds. New York: Grosset & Dunlap. 1946. 27 *pp.* 50¢.

This story of how a cowpuncher made a "contraption" that would teach two small boys to ride a bucking horse will probably appeal to older readers than its picture-book format suggests. It is told in the cowboy language. Both text and drawings are full of humor.

MAKE WAY FOR A SAILOR! By Nora Benjamin Kubie. Illustrated by Harve Stein. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1946. 161 *pp.* $2.

A human, entertaining story of a city boy's adjustment to life in a small seashore town where everyone knows all about boats excepting himself. A spot of good luck and a little natural resourcefulness brings his acceptance of Harrisport and its young peoples' acceptance of him.

WHO BLEW THAT WHISTLE? A Story by Leone Adelson. Pictures by Oscar Fabrés. New York: William R. Scott. 1946. 45 *pp.* $1.25.

Amusing, slightly burlesqued drawings in black and white illustrate the story of a policeman's traffic whistle in a big city that decides to blow when it pleases instead of when the policeman wants it to. Gay end-papers and binding in bright yellow.

—From "Jonathan Goes West."

THE LITTLE JEEP. By Paul Corey. Illustrated by Jack Zander. Cleveland & New York: World Publishing Co. 1946. 52 *pp.* 50 cents.

The little jeep comes back from the war to find that there is no place for him in the post-war world. After many adventures he finds a farmer who is glad to use him to draw his plow. Spirited, amusing drawings by a war veteran.

JOHNNY AND HIS MULE. Story by Ellis Credle. Photographs by Charles Townsend. New York: Oxford University Press. 1946. 45 *pp.* $1.50.

Photographs of Johnny, his mule, his family, his teacher and his schoolmates in the Great Smokey Mountains illustrate an amusing story by an author who has made this region familiar to many boys and girls.

TWELVE O'CLOCK WHISTLE. By Jerrold Beim. Illustrated by Ernest Chichlow. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1946. *Unpaginated.* $2.

Drawings in color illustrate this story of Mich who, taking his father's lunch box to the automobile factory where he worked, was allowed to sit in a new car while it was tested and to put in the last essential screw. A good, realistic story.

THE CABIN ON THE SLIVER TONGUE. By Agnes Barden Dustin. Illustrations by Henry Moore Pickeen. Boston: W. A. Wilde Co. 1946. 286 *pp.* $2.50.

A story of colonial life in New Hampshire in 1780. Convincing background and characters that have humor and vitality. Exciting adventures with wild animals and Indians.

COWBOY BOOTS. By Shannon Garst. Illustrated by Charles Hargens. New York: Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. 1946. 191 *pp.* $2.

When he first came to his uncle's ranch in Wyoming Bob tried to act like a cowboy. By the end of the summer, he had realized his ambition to be *one*. One can learn a good deal in this story about cowboys and life on a ranch.

R. A. H.

Stories for Older Boys and Girls

JONATHAN GOES WEST. By Stephen W. Meader. Illustrated by Edward Shenton. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1946. 241 *pp.* $2.25.

IN the early 1850's, when railroad trains and steamboats were relatively new, Jonathan Brent took

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the advice of Horace Greeley and started West. For twelve of his sixteen years he had lived on a farm in the interior of Maine. But Jonathan's father had settled on a piece of fertile land in Illinois and he wanted Jonathan to join him there.

His adventures on that journey by schooner, railroad, on horseback, on foot and even in the wagon of a travelling bookseller make good reading. He finds good friends in the Captain of the schooner and his pretty daughter, Prudence. He is befriended by the Quakers of Indiana and Ohio and travels happily with an old bookseller, in his neat wagon. He escapes, by a narrow margin, from a burning steamboat on the Ohio River. And when he comes at last to the farm in Illinois it is to find that his father has been killed by a fall from the roof the week before. Jonathan makes his decision. The next day he starts back to Maine.

An adventurous, well-knit story, this is warm with feeling for the land and for the people that Jonathan met on his way. The drawings are effective, the type clear and inviting.

M. G. D.

BLACK RIVER CAPTIVE. By West Lathrop. Illustrated by Dwight Logan. New York: Random House. 1946. 307 *pp.* $2.50.

JETHRO was in his early teens when Gran'ther Whittlesey died. Taking his grandfather's gun, the old dog Tray, and some extra clothing Jethro left the lonely cabin in New Hampshire and started down the Connecticut, looking for relatives. When Jethro was a baby, old man Whittlesey had found his mother carrying the little boy in her arms, running through the woods. Presumably she had escaped an Indian massacre but, although she lived for several years, she never regained her memory and died without telling Jethro his last name.

Jethro had not gone far when he was surprised and captured by an Indian warrior. There were several dramatic incidents during their long trip to the Indian village in Vermont. Once in the village, while his captor was waiting for an opportunity to sell the boy to the French, Jethro met one of Roger's Rangers, now an adopted member of the Indian tribe. This old Ranger had learned of an impending attack on the Connecticut Valley settlements, and he aided Jethro to escape and to carry the word to the Fort. The Indian attack was thwarted by Jethro and, in the excitement, he found his father.

This is an exciting story, with a carefully developed plot and good characterization. As a story it is completely plausible. It all could have happened at many places along the frontier in the mid-eighteenth century. Unfortunately for this reviewer's peace of mind, the setting of the tale is within a few miles of his home. He knows that the maps, and some of the descriptions, are not accurate and that the story could not have happened *when* and *where* it is supposed to have happened. This will not trouble most readers; but it is regrettable that the author's research was not as sound as his storytelling ability.

RALPH ADAMS BROWN.

UNDERGROUND RETREAT. By Maribelle Cormack and Pavel Bytovetzski. Illustrated by Margaret Ayer. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1946. 241 *pp.* $2.50.

THIS is an absorbing story of the early days of China's war with Japan, drawing for interesting contrasts and thrilling incidents upon China's unique power to enlarge her army and build her strength even while retreating.

The story centers around an American girl and a Chinese family, the father of which is Ling Tsai who is both advisor to the Nanking government and head of one of the underworld organizations. From his hidden retreat in a shelter under his Nanking mansion where his household has every comfort Ling Tsai carries on his campaign against the Japanese.

While the characterization lacks subtlety and the early chapters show the strain of trying to picture the background through the words of the characters themselves, once the action gets under way it moves swiftly and with never a dull moment. There is every device for suspense, including secret doors and hidden vaults. The historical background is accurate and is dramatic enough to carry the plot.

R. A. H.

VAGABONDS ALL. By E. K. Seth-Smith. Illustrated by Anne Vaughn. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1946. 282 *pp.* $2.

ENGLAND in the days of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson is the scene of this exciting story of two boys—Miles, the son of a clergyman, and Fortunatus, the son (fictional, doubtless, but possible and very personable) of Christopher Marlowe. Feeling misunderstood and unwanted by his father, Miles left his home and cast in his lot with a group of players. Young Nat, even more subject to lapses of commonsense than Miles, was an attractive but quite the wrong type of companion. Together they were bound to fall into mischief. Finally, after a harrowing experience with a band of professional beggars and thieves, Miles began to grow up and to realize the value of the life that he had cast so lightly aside. He and Nat had many bitter experiences before they knew that life again.

Excitement, suspense and some engaging as well as villainous characters make a colorful story. R. A. H.

ROMANCE FOR ROSA. By Rachel M. Varble. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1946. 276 *pp.* $2.

AMONG the heroes and heroines of books for children and young people there are already a number of indentured servants—bound boys and girls who have left England to begin life in a strange, vast country under an uncongenial servitude. To make a place for themselves the successful ones must have vitality and strength as well as courage and industry. Rosa Wickliffe takes her place among the best of them.

Rosa's story flashes back to her early years made gracious by her father's intelligence and love of learning, her mother's charm and the happiness of their home. We follow her in the changes after her father's death succeeding the Great Fire in London, her mother's efforts to make a living, her death, and Rosa's realization that she is on a ship bound for America without friends or kin.

The historical treatment of this story is so convincing throughout that the author's reference to possible descendents of her characters seems realistic.

If the story seems to lose a little of its color after the setting becomes America it may be because seventeenth-century London is further removed from us than seventeenth-century Virginia—and therefore more romantic.

Rosa's romance forms a very satisfactory conclusion to a story that is always interesting and always well-founded. R. A. H.

THE KID COMES BACK. By John R. Tunis. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1946. 245 *pp.* $2.

BOYS have long been used to good sport stories from the pen of John R. Tunis. This book is, however, more than a good baseball story and so merits special attention. There is much baseball in it, with a smashing finale when the Kid makes an almost impossible play to save a crucial game. The story opens with the Kid's bomber making a forced landing in occupied France. There follows weeks of suspense as the French Underground attempts to

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smuggle the aviators into neutral territory. They are captured by the Gestapo and recaptured by the Underground, and finally liberated by the advancing American armies. The Kid, badly injured, is shipped back to the United States.

All this adds up to a thrilling story. What makes it more significant is the struggle of the Kid to overcome the fear—a new word to him—which his injury has left in him. Many Americans of his generation have had to face this fear. American boys will have to face it as long as there are accidents and injuries. The Kid's triumph over his fear, his final realization that "all we have to fear is fear itself," is what lifts this book above other action stories. R. A. B.

HEART OF DANGER. By Howard Pease. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1946. 336 *pp.* $2.

This is a skilfully developed story of action and mystery. Tod Moran, familiar to readers of "The Jinx Ship," and "The Black Tanker," has a dramatic and dangerous role, but the center of the stage is held by young Rudy Behrens. Together they obtain important information from a German traitor, outwit the Gestapo and work with the Underground. Rudy survives two years in a concentration camp and manages to work out his own salvation.

THE HIDDEN TREASURE OF GLASTON. By Eleanore M. Jewett. Illustrated by Frederick H. Chapman. New York: The Viking Press. 1946. 307 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for October 19th.

THE SILVER STRAIN. By Kathrene Pinkerton. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1946. 263 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for October 19th.

TIGER AT CITY HIGH. By Joseph Gollumb. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1946. 213 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for October 19th.

THE WONDERFUL DAY. By Elizabeth Coatsworth. Pictures by Helen Sewell. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1946. 126 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for August 10th.

GREAT DAY IN THE MORNING. By Florence Crannell Means. Illustrated by Helen Blair. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1946. 183 *pp.* $2.

Lilybelle Lawrence is a strong, ambitious Negro girl who goes from her home on the Island of St. Helena to Tuskegee to train as a teacher. Partly through Dr. Carver and partly through an illness from overwork she decides to become a nurse and go back to her own people. A sensitive story, warm with humor, it lacks the strength and objectiveness of "Shuttered Windows."

RED SILK PANTALETTES. By Martha Barnhart Harper. Decorations by Betty Morgan Bowen. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1946. 228 *pp.* $2.25.

Based on memories and family records this book tells the story of Martha Jane St. Clair, the oldest of a family of seven children who lived in Pennsylvania in the early 1850's. It is gay with dances and weddings and the "circus coming to town," fragrant with good food and the scent of wood fires, warm with family affection and loyalty. It ends with the wedding of Martha Jane, the author's grandmother.

ALONG JANET'S ROAD. By Alice Dalgliesh. Decorations by Katherine Milhous. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1946. 208 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for June 15th.

THE QUEST OF THE GOLDEN CONDOR. Written and Illustrated by Clayton Knight. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. 346 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for June 15th.

DRAGON PROWS WESTWOOD. By William H. Bunce. Illustrated by Lorence Bjorklund. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1946. 199 *pp.* $2.

Soon after Leif Erikson's landing a Viking boy comes to the coast of North America in the Norse ship, *Searider.* He is captured by hostile Indians and brought back to his companions through the help of a friendly Indian boy. An interesting, fast-moving story, well illustrated.

THE THIRTEENTH STONE. By Jean Bothwell. Illustrated by Margaret Ayer. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1946. 225 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for July 13th.

—From "The Burma Road."

THE SCRAPPER. By Leland Silliman. Illustrations by George Avison. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. 1946. 258 *pp.* $2.

Tim Collier goes as a junior councilor to Blazing Rock Camp. Vigorous, husky, and opinionated, he learns to get on with others, to think in terms of the group rather than of the individual, and to train both mind and body for his chosen profession.

TEEN-AGE COMPANION. Edited by Frank Owen. New York: Lantern Press. 1946. 280 *pp.* $2.50.

A collection of short stories for young people selected from current magazines. They vary in value, but the collection as a whole has interest and vitality.

BATTER UP. By Jackson Scholz. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1946. 212 *pp.* $2.

The author of "Pigskin Warriors" writes a lively, logical baseball story with a hero who measures up in every way to the traditions of American sports.

LIGHTNING ON ICE. By Philip Harkins. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1946. 215 *pp.* $2.

The author of "Bomber Pilot" writes an excellent story of ice hockey. The hero, Jack Taylor, has all the qualities that young people like in the keen competition of sport and in his relationship with other people.

THE PEOPLE UPSTAIRS. By Phyllis N. Coté New York: Doubleday & Co. 1946. 214 *pp.* $2.

In Judy's mind the most desirable people in the world to have as tenants in the apartment upstairs were the Ashleys who had been the kindest and most understanding of friends. But the rest of the family did not agree with her. How Judy changed their objections into enthusiastic support and even wore down Gramp's prejudice is the plot for this natural, friendly story.

GLORIA, BALLET DANCER. By Gladys Malvern. New York: Julian Messner. 1946. 184 *pp.* $2.

An absorbing, realistic story of a natural and appealing girl who through hard work and determination wins out as a ballet dancer.

WILD WATERS. By Lewis S. Moner. Illustrations by Raymond Lufkin. New York: Julian Messner. 1946. 185 *pp.* $2.

An exciting, strenuous tale of a Southern boy who is sent to the Upper Mississippi to get his pilot's certificate before he becomes the official pilot of one of his father's cotton boats plying between Memphis and New Or-

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leans. A story rich with local color, humor, and swift action.

A DATE FOR DIANE. By Elizabeth Headley. With illustrations by Janet Smalley. Philadelphia: Macrae-Smith Co. 1946. 264 *pp.* $2.

Diane Graham is fourteen and a sophomore in high school in a small town. Eager, intelligent, and attractive she learns in the course of one year not only the outward but the inward qualities that make for poise and a nice balance in human relationships. A good story and an honest picture of a girl's problems.

ANNA ELIZABETH. By Lucile Long. Illustrations by Goughnour Long. Elgin, Ill.: Brethren Publishing House. 1946. 141 *pp.* $1.50.

ANNA ELIZABETH: SEVENTEEN. By Lucile Long. Illustrations by Ruth Weimer. Elgin, Ill.: Brethren Publishing House. 1946. 208 *pp.* $2.

The record of two years in the life of an eighteenth-century Dunker girl. The first book is a reprint, the second new. The locale is Pennsylvania. Both are fresh, interesting stories, told with humor and tolerance.

WEST WE GO. By Jules Loring. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1946. 199 *pp.* $2.

A pioneer story of a fourteen-year-old boy who goes West across the Great Salt Desert to California in 1849. Convincing in atmosphere, it tells of adventures with Indians and the dangers of the road. A good story.

ONCE IS FOREVER. By Gertrude E. Mallette. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1946. 250 *pp.* $2.

Adrien's fiancé is crippled and blinded in the war. She faces with him his adjustment to their life together with courage and commonsense. An interesting novel on a timely theme.

R. A. H.

Around the World

THE PICTURE STORY OF HOLLAND. By Dola de Jong. Pictures by Gerard Hordyk. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1946. 35 *pp.* $2.

THERE is a freshness of approach and deep feeling in this story of Holland and its people. The emphasis is on the Netherlands of today, but a good deal of history creeps in. The author uses the direct approach, informal and friendly. The beauty and gaiety of the country is there. One feels that the scars of war will some day be healed. The drawings by a Dutch artist are unusual and very effective; page after page of tiny figures in four colors that move against a background of city and country, canal and field. Each paragraph of the story is illustrated by little marginal drawings. This should be an important book in the effort to bring the children of different countries together.

M. G. D.

RIVER BOY OF KASHMIR. By Jean Bothwell. Illustrated by Margaret Ayer. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1946. 246 *pp.* $2.

IN HER "Little Boat Boy" Jean Bothwell introduced us to Hafiz in his home on a doonga on a lake in Kashmir. In this story Hafiz, quite as appealing as before, is now in River School making friends on every side. He learns to read and write, becomes a good diver, learns others things as well—such as the consequences of disobedience and the importance of helping others. The family debt to Sayyad Kan, the money lender, for his elder brother's school fees assumes great importance to Hafiz although his efforts to help seem trivial indeed. Then comes the trip up the river with Teacherji to help Hyder's sick and very poor mother, the flood of the great river Jhelum, and Hafiz's help becomes really significant.

The story is not as closely knit or as absorbing as "Little Boat Boy," but it gives a good picture of school life in modern India. The characters are quite as real and engaging as in the earlier book. Both show the kinship of children everywhere.

R. A. H.

THE BAMBOO GATE. By Vanya Oakes. Illustrated by Don Kingman. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1946. 157 *pp.* $2.

MODERN air transport has made us neighbors to the children of China. Who some of them are and what they think and do are described in these stories.

It is not merely a book for entertainment. It is a book with a purpose. Yet in carrying out her purpose the author never sacrifices her story. Each tale is complete in itself. Together, they give us a fascinating picture of young China. We see the conflict between the old and the new in many different settings. Through the eyes of the children we see how terrifying the new can sometimes be; in the end the solution in each story is to "keep the old, but learn the new." Through the children we see China in transition, old China becoming modern China, China learning democracy. The author's skill in showing this reminds us of the advice that the Old One gives her grandson: "The new (raw) silk is not beautiful. Only after it is woven and dyed does it take on beauty. It is the same with words, even though they be words of truth." The Chinese-American artist Don Kingman has enriched the book with a generous number of distinguished black and white illustrations.

M. K.

MARTA THE DOLL. By Eloise Lownsbery. Illustrated by Marya Werten. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1946. 118 *pp.* $2.

A charming story set in the Tatra Mountains of Poland just before the Second World War. To be reviewed in the Christmas number.

THE AVION MY UNCLE FLEW. By Cyrus Fisher. Illustrated by Richard Floethe. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1946. 244 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for July 13th.

MADE IN INDIA. By Cornelia Spencer. Illustrated by Allen Lewis. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. 203 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for July 13th.

SOUTH AMERICAN ZOO. By Victor W. von Hagen. Illustrated by Francis Lee Jacques. New York: Julian Messner. 1946. 182 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for June 15th.

JUNGLE JOURNEY. By Jo Bess McElveen Waldeck. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. New York: The Viking Press. 1946. 255 *pp.* $2.50.

The author of "Little Jungle Village" tells of her trip through the jungles of British Guiana. A factual story with fascinating glimpses of the native people. Effective end-papers and illustrations.

THE BURMA ROAD. By Douglas Coe. Illustrations by Winfield Scott Hoskins. New York: Julian Messner. 1946. 192 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for September 28th.

TALES OF THE GAUCHOS. By W. H. Hudson. Compiled and Edited by Elizabeth Coatsworth. Illustrated by Henry C. Pitz. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. 251 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for March 9th.

THE THREE MIRACLES. Story by Catherine Blanton. Pictures by Leo Politi. New York: The John Day Co. 1946. 47 *pp.* $2.

Juan, the laziest boy in Mexico and Pablo the most stubborn donkey take Paul, the selfish, crippled little Americano, to Mexico City so that the Lady of Guadalupe can perform a miracle. They do not reach her, but three miracles are performed just the same. Amusing drawings in two colors.

LOKOSHI LEARNS TO HUNT SEALS. Story and Lithographs by Raymond Creekmore. New York:

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author of the best-sellers, "Sing for America," "Sing for Christmas," "Sing Mother Goose," etc.

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Illustrated by Decie Merwin

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The Macmillan Co. 1946. 48 *pp.* $1.75.

Lokoshi, who lives in the white Arctic, tells his own story of his first seal hunt, of the igloo built of ice, of the hunting and killing of five seals. Beautiful lithographs made on stone illustrate fully an interesting story about Lokoshi's people. Publication in November.

CHUKCHI HUNTER. By Dorothy Stall. Illustrated by George F. Mason. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1946. 224 *pp.* $2.

The story of a remote people who live on the eastern tip of Siberia. Ankat, the young hero, spears his first seal and traps a silver fox. He watches the coming of a Russian trader and shares with his people the strange and useful things he brings with him.

CALIFORNIA PAGEANT. By Robert Glass Cleland. Illustrated by Raymond Lufkin. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. 257 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for April 20th.

MY DOG RINTY. By Ellen Tarry and Marie Hall Ets. Illustrated by Alexander and Alexandra Alland. New York: The Viking Press. 1946. 47 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for August 10th.

BIG TREE. By Mary and Conrad Buff. New York: The Viking Press. 1946. 80 *pp.* $3.

Beautiful drawings in duotone illustrate the story of Wawona, one of the great Sequoia trees. Beginning before history began it carries the story through the centuries, ending with the establishment of The National Park. Birds and beasts and men come and go and "Wawona, giant of giants, grew more noble with the passing years."

"OLD ABE": AMERICAN EAGLE. By Lorraine Sherwood. Illustrated by Katherine Milhous. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1946. 63 *pp.* $1.50.

The true story of the American eagle that became the mascot of the Eagle Regiment in the Civil War. Illustrated with drawings in color that include a reproduction of the Great Seal of The United States.

THE WORLD IN STORYBOOKS. Edited by Mary Gould Davis. Cartography by Amy Jones. New York: R. R. Bowker Co. 1946. $1.50.

A large map of the world, printed in color. A list of the books placed in various parts of the world goes with it.

NIKO'S MOUNTAINS. By Maria Gleit. Illustrated by Mimi Korach. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1946. $2.50.

A story of a French-Armenian boy who was taken to the Red Cross center for children in Switzerland in the World War II. To be reviewed later.

Birds and Animals

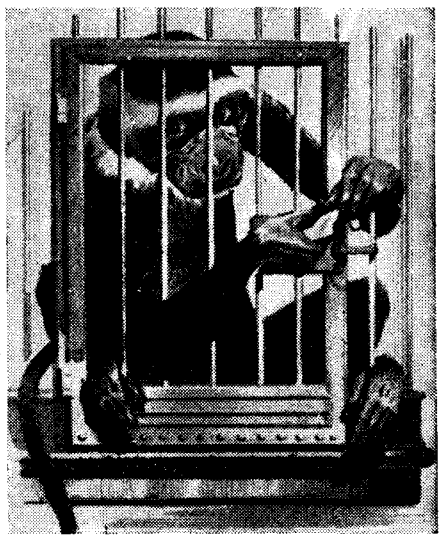
BENGEY AND THE BEAST. By Olaf Baker. Illustrated by Victor J. Dowling. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1946. 243 *pp.* $2.75.

BENGEY was one of the Wortleys of Wulpington. He lived in the old Manor House in England with his aunt and his nurse, Maria. Near the house lay a lake and beyond the forest. Often Bengey slipped away into the woods and there, one day, he met Skoma the fox.

The animals in this absorbing story are not "talking animals." But between Skoma and Bengey there was established a relationship that made communication possible without words. There are in the forest, too, evil creatures that "are not mentioned in any Natural History book"—survivals of the ancient black magic. One of these is the Beast. In the end he is destroyed by the white magic that Bagloosy, the wise old woodsman, has taught Bengey.

Beside the friendly animals there were people in the forest who, before Bengey's time, had entered into an alliance with the animals. It was fox-hunting country and Bengey's inherited code made it hard for him to protect Skoma and to win the confidence of the forest dwellers. This struggle of his to know them and understand them, to reconcile his desire for their freedom and the hunting laws is more important in the story than even the battle with Gunderbust—the survival of the ancient evil in the forest.

It is not possible to classify this book, even loosely, according to age. A mature reader recognizes in it an unusual and deeply convincing atmosphere, original characters, and writing that makes every page a joy to read. In spite of Gunderbust and his evil magic, it is not a fantasy. It is founded upon a knowledge of and feeling for the wild creatures of an English forest. Their integrity is never weakened by qualities that make them men, not animals. To this reviewer, this is one of the most original and interesting of the books of 1946. It may not be for the many. It certainly is for the "real readers." One puts it down with a sense of deep satisfaction. M. G. D.



—From the "Monkey with a Notion."

THE FOUR FRIENDS. By Eleanor Hoffman. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1946. 128 *pp.* $2.

THE four friends were Pepe the pig, Bonito the parrot, Nina the Maltese terrier, and Esmeralda the hen. They lived on the roof of a house in San Juan, Porto Rico. It was Christmas Eve, and Nina made a terrible discovery. She heard that the family were about to kill Pepe and eat him for their Christmas dinner. Bonito decided that they must all run away. Now, in Porto Rico on the night before the birth of the Christ Child, all sorts of strange things happen. It really was not strange that Pepe and Nina danced in the streets and earned enough money to hire an automobile. It is not strange that the four friends got in it and rode away toward the mountains, with Pepe driving. Miles and miles away they went. They visited Pepe's family, who entertained them royally. They visited the family that had once owned Bonito. They had a picnic with a friendly mongoose, and went swimming in the warm, blue water. A hurricane caught them and swept their car into a ditch; but two calm, strong oxen came along and pulled them out. After a very exciting day and night, they got back to their roof. As Christmas was over, it would be twelve months at least before anyone talked about roasting Pepe. Kurt Wiese's illustrations are as gay and funny and lovable as the story.

It will be ready some time in November. M. G. D.

THE MONKEY WITH A NOTION. By Glenn O. Blough. Illustrated by John De Cuir. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1946. 88 *pp.* $2.

MISS PEASLEY kept a Pet Shop in the village. She sold birds and animals, and food and medicine for them. But she re-

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fused to sell her five special favorites: the two love-birds, the parrot, the skunk, and Snick, the monkey. They lived in the Pet Shop very happily together and were deeply admired by all the small boys in the village, especially by Tandy who, with Snick, is an important character. It was Snick that "got the notion" to unfasten the door of his cage, in the middle of the night when Miss Peasley was safely at home and in bed. Then he got the notion to unfasten the cages of the two love-birds, Reba the parrot and Hyacinth, the skunk. The result of all this is funny and exciting. Reba is very interesting in her actions and her conversation. Snick is bad and very attractive. Tandy earns a place as a helper in the Pet Shop, and the boys and girls of the village have a wonderful party there. As for Miss Peasley—she does not change at all in spite of the excitement. She is just as snappy and prickly outside and as kind and thoughtful inside in the end as she was in the beginning. The illustrations are as much fun as the story. M. G. D.

STRAWBERRY ROAN. By Don Lang. With Illustrations by Gertrude Howe. New York: Oxford University Press. 1946. 218 pp. $2.

STRAWBERRY ROAN is David Hal, the champion trotter of his part of the country and a hero to his admirers. This is his story and the story of Roscoe, the Negro boy whose father trained Strawberry. Roscoe, Strawberry and Jiggers, the banty rooster who was Strawberry's constant companion, are as well drawn and as convincing as Bill and Fussy, the two racoons in Mr. Lang's "On the Dark of the Moon." When a flood sweeps away the racing stables, Strawberry saves himself and Jiggers and a little colt that Roscoe and his father call Flood Tide. But the great trotter has been badly hurt and is declared unfit to race again. Sold at auction, he is bought by a farmer and Roscoe follows him to the farm. He has faith in Strawberry's complete recovery and "come back." In the meantime they will just make the best of things—together. Their farming experience is, on the whole, happy. The farmer gives Strawberry to Roscoe and they work for a while for a grocer. Then they join a circus. But Roscoe finally takes Strawberry back to the racetrack and to his father. Secretly, he trains him—and David Hal wins the Handicap.

The distinction of this story lies in the relationship between a great horse and a boy. There is a sound knowledge of horses and boys, humor and feeling in both characteriza-

SEARCH FOR GLORY

By Kevin Guinagh. De Rozier was the first man to fly. "Admirable approach to a stirring period in French history."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* Decorations. Ages 14 up. $2.50

RED HERITAGE

By Merritt Parmelee Allen. Cobus Derrick fought for his beloved Mohawk Valley. "A rousing frontier novel."—*St. Louis Post Dispatch.* Decorations. Ages 12-16. $2.25

NARIZONA'S HOLIDAY

By Addison Burbank and Covelle Newcomb. "Demonstrates a boy's devotion to his pet . . . brings reality and fun into the Mexican scene."—*Horn Book.* Illustrated. Ages 8-10. $2.00

SEQUOYA

By Catherine Cate Coblentz. The great and dramatic story of Sequoya who taught his tribe to write the Cherokee language. Decorations. Ages 16 up. $2.50

MARTA THE DOLL

By Eloise Lownsbery. Hanka and her doll live in the Tatra mountains. "Kindly atmosphere of trustful family relationships."—*Horn Book.* Illustrated. Ages 8-10. $2.00

THE GOOD CROP

By Elizabeth H. Emerson. An exceptionally fine and heart-warming novel about a Quaker family in Illinois during Civil War days. Decorations. Ages 16 up. $2.50

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tions. The drawings of Roscoe and Strawberry are satisfying.
M. G. D.

STARLIGHT. By Regina J. Woody. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1946. 256 pp. $2.

THIS is the story of Star of the Summer Night, or, as Judy calls him Starlight, a high spirited thoroughbred. When Judy first sees the golden horse he has just thrown his rider. But, with all the confidence of a twelve-year-old, Judy knows that Starlight will let her ride him—and he does. Just how Judy and Starlight are trained, the things that they learn and, above all, the philosophy behind their training—that firmness and affection, not force, are the keys to the mastery of any animal—are woven into a heart-warming story by the author of "The Stars Came Down."

There is no doubt that Mrs. Woody is an expert on horses and horsemanship. Because of this, it is possible that the story may have a limited appeal. But for the many who either know and love horses or want to—this is a book that has great value. M. K.

GOLDEN SOVEREIGN. By Dorothy Lyons. Illustrated by Wesley Dennis. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1946. 259 pp. $2.

CONNEMARA ("Connie") McGuire is a vivacious, ambitious, and tenacious high-school senior. Furthermore, the luck of the Irish and of "the little people" are on her side. When the story opens she has already proven her way with horses by gentling Silver Birch, a mare who has run wild for a year, and Midnight Moon who became vicious after much abuse. Connie names the former's colt, a palomino stallion, Golden Sovereign. Golden Sovereign will, she is sure, sire palominos and establish the good name of her Shamrock Stables. Connie uses the money set aside for a new party dress to buy a much abused and worthless appearing mare at a public auction. She believes she can recognize signs of good breeding in the mare. Things move along auspiciously as Golden Sovereign sires five palomino foals. It isn't to be all clear sailing, however. Connie is sure that the mare is well bred, but she and Pete—her college-student friend and partner—find it impossible to locate the mare's original owner. Even more tragic, Golden Sovereign unaccountably becomes stubborn, ugly, sometimes even vicious. The fortunes of the Shamrock Stables seem to be ebbing; but Connie and Pete win out in the end with the gypsies' aid.

This is a sure-fire story for all lovers of horses, regardless of age. It will also be likely to appeal to adolescent girls, regardless of their interest in horses. It has action, suspense, and mystery. The illustrations are very fine. R. A. B.

A SQUIRREL CALLED RUFUS. By Richard Church. Illustrated by John Skeaping. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. 1946. 196 pp. $2.

The story of a war between the native red squirrels of the English beechwoods and the gray squirrels who were interlopers — "foreigners." The plan and strategy of the battles are as intricate and detailed as in a war between men. Moles and woodmice are used as spies and messengers. There are traitors and heroes. It is a book for boys and girls who are old enough to understand war and its implications. The background is excellent and there is good characterization. The illustrations would be more effective if the flat red color had been omitted.

MRS. MALLARD'S DUCKLINGS. By Clelia Delafield. Pictures by Leonard Weisgard. New York: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard. 26 pp. $2.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for October 19th.

ELEPHANTS. By Herbert S. Zimm. Illustrated by Joy Buba. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1946. No paging. $2.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for October 19th.

THE WILY WOODCHUCKS. By Georgia Travers. Illustrated by Flavia Gag. New York: Coward-McCann. 1946. 38 pp. $1.50.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for June 15th.

THE TALE OF THE WILD GOOSE. By Henry B. Kane. Illustrated with Photographs. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. 48 pp. $1.75.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for September 28th.

SOUTH AMERICAN ZOO. By Victor W. von Hagen. Illustrated by Francis Lee Jacques. New York: Julian Messner. 1946. 182 pp. $2.50.

All the native animals, birds, and reptiles of South America are described here in short, vivid chapters. The drawings serve to strengthen and confirm the value of the text.

COYOTES. Written and Illustrated by Wilfred S. Bronson. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1946. 63 pp. $1.75.

Like his "Turtles," this is authentic information about the coyotes. The type is large and clear and each page has black and white drawings.

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THE GREAT WHITE BUFFALO. By Harold McCracken. Illustrated by Remington Schuyler. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1946. 268 *pp.* $2.50.

The story of Waken, a Dakotah Indian boy, and a rare white buffalo in the days before the white settlers. For older boys and girls.

TOO MANY DOGS. By Quail Hawkins. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. New York: Holiday House. 1946. 58 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for October 19th.

COWDOG. By Ned Andrews. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1946. 224 *pp.* $2.

The exciting story of Tom Stearns and Sandy, the puppy that he saved from death. Later, full-grown and thoroughly trained, Sandy saves his master's life more than once. A book that will appeal to the older boys and girls who like a fast-moving tale—and dogs.

REX AND LOBO: A Little Tale About Two Dogs. Photographed and Told by John Vassos. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1946. 62 *pp.* $2.

A simple tale of a setter and a German shepherd illustrated with beautiful photographs very well reproduced.

JUGGERNAUT OF THE RANGERS. By Harold H. Strickland. Illustrated by Paul Brown. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1946. 131 *pp.* $2.50.

Jug, serving in the Army in K9, has some dangerous adventures, including a parachute jump, and some difficult assignments which he fulfilled with courage and intelligence. The story of the part played in the war by a Labrador retriever is especially exciting.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Yeats: The Lake Isle of Innisfree. 2. Millay: I Shall Go Back. 3. Milton: Il Penseroso. 4. Tennyson: Break, Break, Break. 5. Arnold: Dover Beach. 6. Frost: Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening. 7. Bryant: To a Waterfowl. 8. Shakespeare: The Merchant of Venice. 9. Gray: Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard. 10. Wordsworth: She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways. 11. Longfellow: Evangeline. 12. Burns: Sweet Afton. 13. Byron: Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. 14. Keats: Ode to a Nightingale. 15. Browning: Love Among the Ruins. 16. Hemans: The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. 17. Whitman: Give Me the Splendid Silent Sun. 18. Campbell: Hohenlinden. 19. Coleridge: The Ancient Mariner. 20. Shelley: Ode to the West Wind.

SINBAD OF THE COAST GUARD. By George F. Foley, Jr. Illustrated by George Gray. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1946. 157 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for February 16th.

COME, JACK! By Robert W. McCulloch. Illustrated by Duncan Coburn. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1946. 203 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for May 18th.

GUSTAV, A SON OF FRANZ. By Colonel S. P. Meek. Illustrated by Jacob Bates Abbott. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. 296 *pp.* $2.50.

A sequel to "Franz," this tells of the career of an exceptionally fine police dog in the U. S. Army Zone of Panama during the Second World War.

VICKI, A GUIDE DOG. Written and Illustrated by Margaret S. and Helen Lossing Johnson. New York: Harcourt, Brace. 1946. 87 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for May 18th.

DOGS. By Gene Byrnes. New York: Grosset & Dunlap. 1946. 64 *pp.* $1.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for May 18th.

MAN-EATERS OF KUMAON. By Jim Corbett. New York: Oxford University Press. 1946. 235 *pp.* $2.

For older boys and girls. Reviewed in the *SRL* for May 18th.

LIFE THROUGH THE AGES. Written and illustrated by Charles R. Knight. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. 67 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for May 18th.

Poetry and Music

FAIRIES AND SUCH-LIKE. By Ivy O. Eastwick. Illustrated by Decie Merwin. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1946. 63 *pp.* $1.50.

A SERIES of short verses by an English poet that bring into harmony the English countryside, with its flowers and birds and

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little animals, and the fairies who are in sympathy with these things. Children will probably remember longest the poem called "The Lilting Words":

Costmary, betony,
Bryony, rue,
Lavage and lilac
Green and blue.
Scarlet hyssop
And goldenrod,
Fragrant rosemary
Blest of God. . . .
These are the words that I have to say.
For they stay in my mind through the live-long day.

The drawings by Decie Merwin illustrate effectively the illusive quality in the poems. M. G. D.

RHYMES ABOUT THE CITY. Written and Illustrated by Marchette Chute. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1946. 58 *pp.* $1.25.

Rhythmic and amusing poems for little children about the various things that happen in and around New York. It is illustrated with charming silhouettes.

WHEN IT RAINED CATS AND DOGS. By Nancy Byrd Turner. Pictures by Tobor Gergely. Philadelphia & New York: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1946. 32 *pp.* $1.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for September 28th.

I HEAR THE PEOPLE SINGING. Selected Poems of Walt Whitman. Illustrated by Alexander Dobkin. New York: International Publishers. 1946. 96 *pp.* $1.75.

A forceful and informing foreword by Langston Hughes opens this collection. It is in four groups: Men and Women, America, The Civil War and Freedom and the Future. Interpreta- drawings in black and white.

—*From "The Angry Planet."*

A POCKETFUL OF RHYMES. Edited by Katherine Love. Illustrated by Henrietta Jones. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1946. 134 *pp.* $1.75.

A selection of poems that reflects a wide knowledge of children and their response to poetry and rhythm. It ranges from Shakespeare to Walter de la Mare, Robert Frost, and Langston Hughes. Indexed.

ONE THOUSAND POEMS FOR CHILDREN. Selected and Arranged by Elizabeth Hough Secrist. With Decorative Drawings by Henry C. Pitz. Philadelphia: Macrae-Smith Co. 1946. 601 *pp.* $3.

A new edition of the selection made by Roger Ingpen this includes four hundred modern poems and a full author and first-line index. Clear type and good spacing make it attractive.

SING MOTHER GOOSE. Music by Opal Wheeler. Illustrated by Marjorie Torrey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1946. 104 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for June 15th.

H.M.S. PINAFORE. Story and Music Arrangements Adapted from Gilbert and Sullivan by Opal Wheeler. Illustrated by Fritz Kredel. New York: E. P. Dutton Co. 1946. 96 *pp.* $3.

Although the story loses its essential humor in this re-telling, the music arrangements are simple and practical, including the best of the songs.

FAMOUS VIOLINISTS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. By Gladys Burch. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1946. 188 *pp.* $2.

Beginning with a short history of the violin and its makers this goes on to brief biographies of famous violinists, from Corelli to Albert Spaulding. It is illustrated with photographs.

Science

THE ANGRY PLANET. Edited by John Keir Cross from Manuscripts Made Available by Stephen MacFarlane. With illustrations by Robin Jacques. New York: Coward-McCann. 1946. 239 *pp.* $2.

AS THE title page and foreword assume that this is the record of a real adventure by two scientists, we will accept that assumption and classify it under science. It tells a thrilling story of a trip to Mars from Scotland made by a Dr. McGillivray and Stephen MacFarlane—the one a scientist and the other a writer. To make the tale even more exciting, two boys and a girl go as "stowaways."

The scientific findings of this unique trip and of the week spent on Mars is told by Dr. McGillivray in modern scientific terms. The take-off and trip are easy to believe. The stay on Mars and its revelations are harder to credit. They find a city inhabited by people who are as much like certain types of plant life as they are like human beings. They communicate with them through "thought waves" and they recognize

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By Lewis E. Theiss
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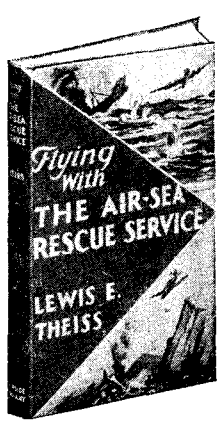

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By Charles G. Muller
A delightful tale of boy-and-girl life afloat and ashore, and the struggles that finally reward Eve the title of First Lady of Long Island Sound yacht racing. $2.25

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A Child's Story of the Bible
By Dorothy Tanner Henseler
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immediately that they are good and kind. But in the caves bordering the city there are evil beings who are enemies of the Beautiful People. Michael, one of the boys, is captured by these evil ones and gets away in time to warn the Beautiful ones that war is coming—soon. The battle begins the next day. The ship gets away just in time—a tense moment in the story. There follows what would follow in our world—a round of furious publicity. But the public, after a time, becomes skeptical. There are no objective proofs of the stay on Mars because the tense departure made it impossible to save them. Photographs fail to develop. Slowly the whole adventure is questioned.

Inevitably, this book will be compared to Jules Verne. It is more convincing because we live today in a different world. The method of revealing the details is clever and curiously interesting. This reviewer could not put the book down until the record was finished. Illustrations as strange and unfamiliar as the Martian record add to the book's effectiveness. M. G. D.

MEN AGAINST CRIME. By John J. Floherty. Illustrated from photographs. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1946. 255 *pp.* $2.50.

The author of "Inside the F.B.I." tells the story of the U. S. Secret Service under the Treasury Department. There are exciting chapters on the lie detector, the drug traffic, and smugglers.

TRUCKS AT WORK. By Mary Elting. Pictures by Ursula Koering. New York: Garden City Publishing Co. 1946. 50 *pp.* 50¢.

The large format and many drawings printed in color make this look like a picture book. Actually it is an informing story of the different kinds of trucks, their drivers and their uses. Most small boys who are mechanically minded will find it interesting.

SUN, MOON AND STARS. Astronomy for Beginners. By William T. Skilling and Robert S. Richardson. New York: Whittlesey House. 1946. 274 *pp.* $2.50.

A readable and informing astronomy illustrated with photographs. It is fully indexed.

THE HOW OF THE HELICOPTER. By Alfred H. Stevens, Jr. Illustrated by Ernest Stock. New York: Cornell Maritime Press. 1946. 58 *pp.* $2.

Because helicopters are the safest, simplest, and least expensive of airplanes this lively and informing book will be welcome to air-minded boys and girls. Many illustrations and diagrams in two colors.

OCEANS IN THE SKY. By Vera Edelstadt. Illustrated by Louis Bunin. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1946. *No paging.* $1.75.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for April 20th.

SKYBLAZER. By Howard M. Brier. New York: Random House. 1946. 265 *pp.* $2.

A story that records the flight of a stratosphere liner over and around South America. It has a rather melodramatic plot but the characters are convincing and the technical side of aviation well integrated.

VOLCANOES, OLD AND NEW. By Satis N. Coleman. New York: The John Day Co. 1946. 222 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for June 15th.

VOLCANO. By Tom Galt. Illustrated by Ralph Ray. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1946. 102 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for June 15th.

THE STORY OF AMERICAN AVIATION. By Jim Ray. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. 1946. 104 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for June 15th.

THE BOYS' BOOK OF ENGINES, MOTORS AND TURBINES. By Alfred Morgan. Illustrated by the author. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1946. 264 *pp.* $2.75.

The answer to questions about motor power from the refining of gasoline to Diesel engines. A clear, interesting text and many charts and drawings. Indexed.

THE MODERN WONDER BOOK OF TRAINS & RAILROADS. By Norman Carlisle. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. 1946. 289 *pp.* $2.50.

The history of American railroads from 1804 through the years of the Second World War. Illustrated with excellent photographs, it is lively and entertaining.

THE LAND RENEWED. The Story of Soil Conservation. By William R. Van Dersal and Edward H. Graham. New York: Oxford University Press. 110 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for June 15th.

THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE ANNUAL. Edited by E. V. McLoughlin. New York: The Grolier Society. 1946. 408 *pp.* $7.50.

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events, the arts and sciences, agriculture, history, etc., are covered in this volume, the emphasis is on science. There are fully illustrated articles by authorities on atomic development and on aviation. Illustrations and index.

Things to Do

COUNTING OUT. Collected by Carl Withers. Pictures by Elizabeth Ripley. New York: Oxford University Press. 1946. 43 *pp.* 50c.
The rhymes used for "counting out" presented in an attractive little book with drawings on every page.

RIDDLES AROUND THE WORLD. Illustrated by Fritz Kredel. New York: The Pantheon Press. 1946. 48 *pp.* $2.
Reviewed in the *SRL* for June 15th.

AMERICAN STUDIO PAINT BOOK: Number 1 and Number 2. Illustrations by C. G. Holme. New York: American Studio Books. 1946. $1 *ea.*
Large books printed on good paper with a design in color on one side and the same design in black and white on the other. Simple directions on mixing colors and combining them.

WHAT TO DO NOW. Written and Designed by Tina Lee. Pictures and Charts by Manning Lee. Garden City: Doubleday & Co. 1946. 96 *pp.* $2.
An attractive book for younger children that tells how to make things out of wood and paper, how to design and make simple puppets, valentines, and Christmas cards, etc. Pictures in color, working models, and index.

FUN WITH PUZZLES. By Joseph Leeming. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1946. 128 *pp.* $2.
Reviewed in the *SRL* for June 15th.

FUN WITH FIGURES. By Mae and Ira Freeman. New York: Random House. 1946. 61 *pp.* $1.25.
The authors of "Fun with Science" and "Fun with Chemistry" show in a clear, simple text and photographs how to draw curves, spirals, and elipses, how to figure the height of a house from the length of its shadow, how to measure vibrations in a machine, etc.

TOY BOATS TO MAKE AT HOME. By Joseph Leeming. Illustrated by Jessie Robinson. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1946. 86 *pp.* $2.
How to make a boat that will sail or work properly from such varied materials as paper, pea-pods, walnut shells, cork, wood, or metal. It has diagrams and an index.

ANIMALS FOR YOU TO MAKE. By Philip L. Martin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1946. 85 *pp.* $2.
Reviewed in the *SRL* for June 15th.

FAMILIAR ANIMALS AND HOW TO DRAW THEM. By Amy Hogeboom. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1946. 39 *pp.* $1.25.
A companion to her bird book, this shows how one can learn to draw the domestic animals.

DESIGN AND SEW. By Mariska Karasz. Drawings by Christine Engler. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1946. 112 *pp.* $2.
A sequel to "See and Sew," this carries ambitious girls on to design their own clothes. The close analyses of lines, color, and material are illustrated fully so that each design can be easily followed.

COUNT YOUR CHARACTERS: A Guide for Beginners in Retail Advertising Copywriting. By Ruth L. Stein. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1946. 191 *pp.* $2.
A brisk, well-pointed analysis of what one must have and know to write successful copy for advertising.

Biography

AMERICA'S PAUL REVERE. By Esther Forbes. Pictures by Lynd Ward. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1946. 46 *pp.* $2.50.

SEVERAL years ago Esther Forbes, in whom knowledge of New England's history and tradition is as deep as her New England ancestry is long, won a Pulitzer Prize with her biography of Paul Revere. In 1943 Miss Forbes wrote a very fine novel for young people about a boy named Johnny Tremaine who lived in Boston on the eve of the American Revolution. The illustrator of this latter book was Lynd Ward. These two have again combined to produce a book on the Revolutionary period.

"America's Paul Revere" is the story of little-known details in the life of one of the well-known figures in our nation's history. True, the famous "ride" is here, and an account of the craftsmanship of the famous silversmith. But here also are the stories of Paul Revere as an apprentice, of the eighteen-year-old boy who became the head of a large family, of the son, brother, husband, and father. This is the story of a man who was a dentist as well as a famous bell maker, who manufactured copper and was a soldier.

This book is twice blessed. The word pictures are drawn by a writer

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—From "America's Paul Revere."

who is a rare combination of scholarly historian and sensitive storyteller. There are a generous number of pictures, many of them in color, from the brush of a painstaking and yet imaginative artist. They are as unusual as they are realistic. There has been no more accurate, interesting, and beautiful book for a long, long time.

R. A. B.

THOMAS JEFFERSON. By Frank and Cortelle Hutchins. Decorations by Janice Holland. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1946. 279 pp. $2.50.

THE authors of this biography have very adequately covered the salient features of Thomas Jefferson's life and work. Their book gives evidence of sound scholarship and a good sense of proportion.

Thomas Jefferson was born on what was then the frontier of Virginia in 1743. The next sixty-five years were to mark the birth of a new nation and its struggle for establishment. Jefferson was to play a dramatic and major role during this formative period. Author of the Virginia Bill of Rights and our Declaration of Independence, war Governor of Virginia, Ambassador to France, the first Secretary of State, founder of one of the first political parties, Vice-President for four years and President for eight—these were only the more conspicuous of Jefferson's public services. During this time, as well as in the score of years following his retirement, Jefferson became known on two continents as a philosopher and writer. His correspondence is today one of the great treasures of our national heritage. He was a musician, an inventor, and an educator. His interest in scientific agriculture was one of the dominant forces of his life, and he was never so happy as when supervising the work on his plantation. He was a great humanitarian. Above all, he was a sincere believer in the worth of the individual, and was in many ways the founder of our democratic tradition.

The superior value of this book is based upon qualities which, unfortunately, are not common. Starting with Jefferson's "family lines"—the first chapter in which they describe his ancestry—the authors have to an unusual degree succeeded in capturing the spirit of the times and in describing contemporary life. By means of brief word pictures, of short quotations from Jefferson's speeches and writings, by the emphasis that comes from selection and arrangement they have captured the very flavor of both Jefferson and his associates. They have avoided the pitfall of hero-worship. They readily admit, without overemphasis, his mistakes and weaknesses. Most important of all, they have succeeded in passing on to their readers their own understanding of and admiration for one of the truly great Americans.

R. A. B.

SUN YAT-SEN. By Nina Brown Baker. Illustrated by Jeanyee Wong. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1946. 247 pp. $2.50.

IN THESE days of pessimism about the prospects for international peace and world organization it becomes increasingly important that we help young people to increase their knowledge and understanding of other nations. Biography can, by providing us with the life stories of the great men and women of other lands, play an important role in this deeper understanding. Thus, this book, about the founder of modern China, assumes a greater value.

The life of Sun Yat-sen lends itself to biographical treatment for young people. There is the allure of the different and little known, the excitement and drama of a dangerous life, the suspense of repeated failure and half-triumph, the challenge of an indomitable character who refuses to admit defeat. Young readers will respond to the repeated attacks on a decadent and cruel dynasty and will be challenged by the democratic vision of Sun Yat-sen. The

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many contacts between Sun and the United States emphasize the interrelatedness of the modern world.

Mrs. Baker has written an excellent book. Best of all, it is a book that needed to be written. Reading it, thousands of young Americans will receive lasting values. They will gain a greater knowledge of a potentially powerful nation and a stronger consciousness of the closely-knit world in which we live. R. A. B.

PAUL ROBESON, CITIZEN OF THE WORLD. By Shirley Graham. Illustrated with Photographs. New York: Julian Messner. 1946. 264 *pp.* $2.50.

PAUL ROBESON is one of the challenging figures of this generation. As musician and as actor he has achieved international fame. Increasing numbers of people respect him for his social philosophy and for his courage. The story of his life is, in many ways, typically American; Miss Graham has told it well.

Paul Robeson's mother died when he was a small boy. His father—a runaway slave who had gained an education and become a minister—wandered restlessly about New Jersey for several years before he settled down in Somerville. Here Paul finished grade school, became an outstanding leader in athletics and in other things in high school, and won a scholarship at Rutgers University. In college his triumphs continued: a four-letter man in sports, All-American football player, Phi Beta Kappa member, and commencement orator.

After graduating from Rutgers he began the study of law, but later—encouraged by his wife—he turned to the theatre and then to music. The story of his struggle upward in the field of drama and of music is told in the last part of the book. It is a thrilling story and one that will inspire many young Americans.

The opening chapters, telling of Paul Robeson's youth and young manhood are very good. As Robeson grew in fame and achievement the author seems to lose herself in an almost cloying admiration. But this cannot hide the true greatness of her subject. R. A. B.

YOUNG FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT. By Rita Halle Kleeman. Illustrated by Lawrence Dresser. New York: Julian Messner. 1946. $2.

THIS is an interesting book. It is, perhaps, too informal to be called a biography. It is a story, well informed and fully authenticated, of the childhood, boyhood, and youth of a great American. Young people, reading it, will recognize well known characteristics that appeared early in his life. They will enjoy selecting the trends and the influences that built up the man whom they know; his early enthusiasm for all things of the sea, for birds and postage stamps. The author was a friend of Franklin Roosevelt's mother. She can write of many things that happened at Hyde Park, at Groton, and Harvard that are not known to more formal biographers. The book is a clear presentation of a unified and consistent character development. There is something inevitable about the great career that followed. It has, too, a warm human appeal.

MARION C. DODD.

SEARCH FOR GLORY. By Kevin Guinagh. Decorations by Ben Kutcher. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1946. 220 *pp.* $2.50.

JEAN FRANCOIS PILATRE DE ROZIER was eighteen when, in 1774, he left his home in Metz. Bound for Paris, he was determined that he would be famous before he was thirty. Although his first weeks in Paris were marked by disappointment and ill fortune, kindly people soon came to his rescue. The next eleven years brought steadily rising fortune. Apothecary's journeyman, science student, business man making tents for the French soldiers going to America, research scientist, head of the King's museum, balloon enthusiast, and the first man to fly—these were the principal steps in his rise to fame.

"Search for Glory" is a somewhat fictionized biography of this pioneer flyer. Kevin Guinagh, linguist and aviation enthusiast, has written an excellent book—a book which is noteworthy for several reasons. As a carefully written, often exciting, sometimes dramatic story it will appeal to many young people. It will also appeal to many of their elders. Teachers and librarians, troubled with a scarcity of authentic biographical material on eighteenth-century Europe, will find in this book an unusually good picture of pre-Revolutionary France and the Court of Louis XVI, how the common people felt about the aristocracy and the growing current of dissatisfaction that was soon to culminate in the Revolution. The illustrations are few but excellent. R. A. B.

QUICKSILVER BOB: A Story of Robert Fulton. By Corinne Lowe. Illustrated by David Hendrickson. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1946. 273 *pp.* $2.

Beginning with his boyhood in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, this takes us through his London period as a student and artist under Benjamin West, through his struggle to complete and perfect the "under-water torpedo" in Napoleonic Paris, then back to America and the *Claremont*. As a biography it lacks clear continuity.

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF. By Antoni Gronowicz. Illustrated by Woodi Ishmael. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1946. 153 *pp.* $2.50.

This is a translation from the Polish, and it may well be that a poor trans-

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lation is responsible for its static, almost awkward quality. It describes Rachmaninoff's childhood in the Russia of the Czars, his early success as a protégé of famous musicians, his voluntary exile after the Revolution and his career as pianist, conductor, and composer in Europe and in America.

GLAMOROUS DOLLY MADISON. By Alice Curtis Desmond. New York: Dodd, Mead. 1946. 274 *pp.* $2.75.

Based on intimate and little-known sources this tells the story of four administrations in the White House between the Revolution and 1849. Through it all Dolly Madison is a living and spirited figure. A biography that reads like a novel.

MADELINE TAKES COMMAND. By Ethel C. Brill. Illustrated by Bruce Adama. New York: Whittlesey House. 1946. 202 *pp.* $2.

The story of Madeline de Verchéres based on historical records. The scene is the St. Lawrence River above Montreal in 1692.

EISENHOWER, THE LIBERATOR. By André Maurois. Drawings by George Avison. New York: Didier. 1946. 80 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for February 16th.

SCOTTY ALLAN: KING OF THE DOG-TEAM DRIVERS. By Shannon Garst. Illustrated by Dan Sweeney. New York: Julian Messner. 1946. 229 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for May 18th.

JOE MASON: APPRENTICE TO AUDUBON. By Charlie May Simon. Illustrated by Henry C. Pitz. New York: E. P. Dutton Co. 1946. 215 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for October 19th.

SEQUOYA. By Catherine Cate Coblentz. Decorations by Ralph Ray. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1946. 198 *pp.* $2.50.

The story of the lame Indian, half Indian, half white, who made the Cherokee alphabet and taught his people to write messages to one another at the time of the westward expansion of the white settlers.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH: The Lad from Lincolnshire. By Ruth Langland Holberg. Illustrated by Ava Lisbeth Morgan. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1946. 181 *pp.* $2.

A simply written biography for younger children with emphasis on his childhood and youth.

NEW WINGS FOR WOMEN. By Sally Knapp. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1946. 187 *pp.* $2.50.

A series of short biographies of American, English, Canadian, and Russian women who have made good in the science of aviation on the ground and in the air. Written with a contagious enthusiasm, they stress the necessity for a thorough training and give a sober estimate of the future in aviation for women.

DARING RIDERS: And Other Tales of Young America. By Lena Barksdale. Illustrated by Frank Nicholas. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. 86 *pp.* $2.

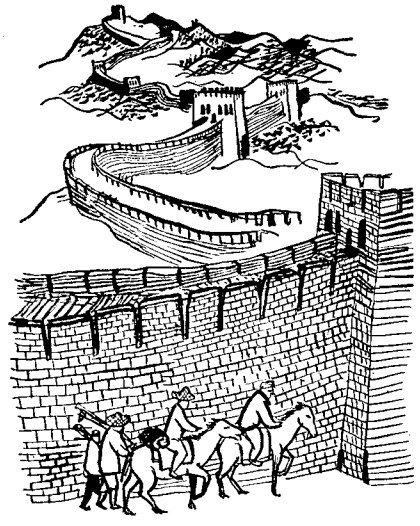
Here are some of the lesser known American heroes: a Pony Express rider, a soldier in the Civil War, the Indian Bird Woman, Johnny Appleseed, and an appealing story about a little girl, a Confederate soldier, and a doll.

History

THE LAND OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. By Alicia Street. Illustrated with Photographs. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1946. 130 *pp.* $2.

THE latest and, to our way of thinking, the best of The Portraits of the Nations Series is fairly certain to leave a vivid impression on the minds of American boys and girls. It may not be to young people as moving emotionally as it is to their elders who know the old England. And yet, the knowledge of England and its people that the American soldier brought back with him is a force to reckon with.

It has been Mrs. Street's task during the war to interpret England to the American soldier—and to interpret America to the English. We can be both proud and grateful to have had her as an interpreter. Her great value here lies in her sensitive and tolerant record of the forces and



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Excellent photographs illustrate this readable and, in our opinion, **extremely important** book. M. G. D.

RED HERITAGE. By Merritt Parmelee Allen. Decorations by Ralph Ray. New York: Longman's, Green & Co. 1946. 314 *pp.* $2.25.

THIS tells the tragic, desperate story of the defense of the Mohawk Valley against the British and their Indian allies in the American Revolution. General Herkimer, Benedict Arnold, Joseph Brant, Walter Butler, and General Willett are characters, but the action centers in the son of a Dutch settler, Colus Derrick, whose entire family is brutally killed by Indians under Walter Butler.

Of the historical characters the best drawn is perhaps General Herkimer —that old warrior, patient, courageous, democratic, fighting through the Battle of Oriskany with a shattered knee, counting its cost in men and destruction, loving the land, sure of his cause.

These men were the "beginners" of America. They are the men who, through tremendous sacrifice, brought freedom to the New World. This is classed as a story. Fundamentally it is history. It is well worth reading to those who are mature enough to understand its significance. M. G. D.

THE PICTURE STORY OF CHINA. By Emily Hahn. Pictures by Kurt Wiese. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1946. $2.50.

The record of the daily life of a little Chinese boy whose family keeps to the old faith and traditions although the scene is modern China. The pictures in color include a map and a history of the events in China's development in small "strip" drawings. For younger children.

CHINA'S STORY. By Enid Lamonte Meadowcroft. Illustrated by Doug Kingman, Weda Yapand and Georgi Helms. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1946. 92 *pp.* $2.

An informing, factual story of China. In order to strengthen its appeal to children the author begins by comparing the Chinese people and their way of life with the people of America. One chapter, called "Days of Glory and Grandeur," gives briefly and clearly the record of the different dynasties and of Genghis and Kubla Khan. This is followed by the Manchu rulers, the first ships to reach China from the outside world, the beginning of export and import, the Boxer Rebellion and, finally, the long war with Japan. Criticism of the Chinese is challenged by a clear explanation of ancestor worship and the power of the family, by description of the land itself and the difficulties of transportation and the relative infertility of the soil. There is no index, but it will have great value to schools. Distinguished illustrations and format.

THE LAND AND PEOPLE OF BRAZIL. By Rose Brown. Illustrated from photographs. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1946. 120 *pp.* $2.25.

The approach to this story of the largest of the South American states is by airplane. Brazil as it is today is emphasized. There is also a brief history, an index, and some excellent photographs.

PALESTINE. By Paul Falkenberg. Illustrations by Rafaello Busoni. New York: Holiday House. 1946. 27 *pp.* $1.

The story of the Holy Land told simply in large, clear type with many illustrations in two colors.

THE BRITISH ISLES. By William Sloane. Illustrated by Rafaello Busoni. New York: Holiday House. 1946. 25 *pp.* $1.

In the same format as "Palestine," this has map end-papers and illustrations in red and blue.

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COMPANY OF ADVENTURERS: the Story of The Hudson's Bay Company. By Louise Hall Tharp. Illustrated by Charles B. Wilson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1946. 302 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for October 19th.

WESTWARD THE COURSE: The Story of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. By Hildegarde Hawthorne. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1946. 280 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for October 19th.

A PICTURE HISTORY OF BRITAIN. By Clarke Hutton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1946. 62 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for July 13th.

RUSSIA'S STORY. By Dorothy Erskine. Illustrated by Bob Smith. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1946. 154 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for July 13th.

MOZART: GENIUS OF HARMONY. By Ann M. Lingg. Illustrated by Helen Frank. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1946. 265 *pp.* $3.

A full biography that begins with his infancy and childhood in Salzburg, tells of his success in Munich, Vienna, Paris, and London as a child-pianist and composer and the triumphs and disappointments of his later life. Excellent background of eighteenth-century places and people. Published November 14th.

New Editions

RUSSIAN WONDER TALES. By Post Wheeler. Illustrated in Full Color by Bilibin. New York: The Beechhurst Press. 1946. 288 *pp.* 50¢.

A new edition, with several new stories added, of the Russian *skazki* in a translation that has been popular for many years. The original illustrations very well reproduced.

NURSERY RHYMES. With Pictures by C. Lovat Fraser. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. 49 *pp.* $2.

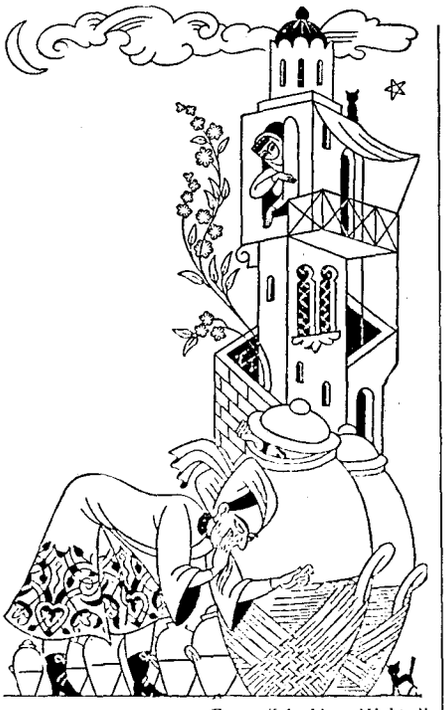
A new edition of one of the most distinguished of our illustrated nursery rhymes. It has long been out of print. It will have a warm welcome from the children.

THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS. By Kenneth Grahame. Illustrations by Arthur Rackham. New York: The Heritage Press. 1946. 190 *pp.* $2.45.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for June 15th.

ON TO OREGON! By Honoré Morrow. Illustrated by Edward Shenton. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1946. 239 *pp.* $2.50.

New illustrations printed in black and a clear green ink give freshness and distinction to this new edition of a story that American boys and girls have read and enjoyed for twenty years.



—From "Arabian Nights."

THE REAL MOTHER GOOSE. Illustrated by Blanche Fisher Wright. Chicago: Rand McNally & Co. 1946. 128 *pp.* $2.

This year marks the thirtieth birthday of this popular edition of Mother Goose. We wish it many happy returns of the day!

AN ICELAND FISHERMAN. By Pierre Loti. Translated by Guy Endore. Illustrated by Frederick T. Chapman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. 280 *pp.* $3.

A new edition of the French classic with drawings in green and black, a type and binding that give it atmosphere and distinction.

ARABIAN NIGHTS. Collected by Andrew Lang. Illustrated by Vera Bock. With a Foreword by Mary Gould Davis. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1946. 303 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed in the *SRL* for June 15th.

UNDERSTOOD BETSY. By Dorothy Canfield. Illustrated by Catherine Barnes. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1946. 299 *pp.* $2.

A new, illustrated edition of the ever popular story of Elizabeth Ann.

DANDELION COTTAGE. By Carroll W. Rankin. Illustrations by Mary Stevens. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1946. 299 *pp.* $2.

First published in 1904, this has needed to be re-printed for years. A well-written, interesting story set in northern Michigan.

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FOR TED ROBINSON

SMILING in the face of inevitable noon
we trace esteemed paces on the massive
ballroom floor, swaying in beloved
motion of the perpetual rhythm.

There is still occasion for thumbing
through the gigantic catalogue of numbers,
but selective virtue hangs on its
slender thread with tentative grace,
while a catch in breath resounds.

If this aspect bears illegitimate
pain in the uniformed loins,
the vague cabinet holds analgesia
whose label reads: "Man alone of animals
plays the ape to his dreams."

LEE RICHARD HAYMAN.

Ted Robinson, conductor of the Philosopher of Folly column in *The Cleveland Plain Dealer*, died in Provincetown on September 20. He had been his newspaper's literary editor for twenty-four years. Everybody was fond of Ted Robinson, and he wrote some good verse. The poem above ends with a quotation from James Branch Cabell, one of Ted's favorite authors. Ted wrote a poem on the star Canopus, "A star that has no parallax to speak of/Conduces to repose," of which I like to think when the world tries to get me too hot and bothered. Good bye and good luck, Ted!

* * *

AGENDA

Let us take pleasure in the face of time
With flesh obedient to the chanting brain,
While yet we may; for time will not remain
But end all lovesong with a mortal rhyme.
Let us translate with hope this salt and lime,
So intricate of little else than pain,
And harmonize them with the mind's refrain
While we are shapes from which no roses climb.
And if the accent seem too much on lust,
Forget this wisdom: but remember it
If you would learn how much more there may be:
Remember it, and we may make of dust
Compacter images than can any wit
Seduced by virtue and philosophy.

ALFONZ WALLACE.

* * *

The following is from Earle Walbridge:

Mrs. Neumann has been caught in the snare of duplicated book titles. Mrs. Rideout was, of course, correct in speaking of Rachel Schauffler's "A Goodly Fellowship" (which is a novel about missionaries in Persia). Besides Mary Ellen Chase, the title has also been used in books by Alfred Blunt, Rose E. Selfe, and Phyllis Garlick (!).

Henry Milner Rideout's "The Siamese Cat" (1907) and its pigeon-blood ruby—there was a thriller for you! (And how many pigeons did *you* blood this summer?) There is an agreeable Siamese kitten named Al Capone in Agnes Rothery's recent novel, "Balm of Gilead." Another engaging animal is Mr. Bultitude, last of the Seven Bears of Logres, in "That Hideous Strength," third in the trilogy by that heaven-sent storyteller Mr. Clive Staples Lewis. Mr. Bultitude must have been named for that unfortunate British businessman in F. Anstey's "Vice Versa," who had to attend a particularly unpleasant public school in the body of his fourteen-year-old son. Horace Jules (to suggest Verne?), director of the National Institute for Coordinated Experiments in "That Hideous Strength," is a palpable caricature of the (not then) late H. G. Wells. A short-legged cockney who first made his reputation writing novels, and who knows only the science he learned at the University of London fifty years before, he is exalted to that bad eminence by Mr. Lewis, I daresay, because Wells (*cf.* his "Experiment in Autobiography") once referred to a prominent member of the Trinity as "an ever absent help in time of trouble."

* * *

TO RUTH McKENNEY

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—*Daily Worker*

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But don't you dare broadcast a word or a witticism!
The box you are locked in has only one key.
That's C. P. for Free.

* * *

MUSIC IN MOSCOW

Said Mr. Shostakovich,
"But how could I possibly know vich—?"
"I'm outsky; you're insky!"
Said Mr. Stravinsky.

* * *

Professor George M. Sneath, of the College of Liberal Arts, Boston University, writes me:

In the edition of the *SRL* for September 28, I enjoyed your printing C. V. Tolstoy's "shortest poem," "My Maid," very much. But I have a still shorter one. A few years ago I was telling my class in versification about the then shortest poem, "Adam Had 'em," which, of course, you know. At the next meeting of the class a boy brought in the following:

I.
Why?

* * *

The Carl Sandburg Association completed the restoration of the cottage where Carl Sandburg was born, and dedicated the Carl Sandburg Birthplace at 331 East Third Street in Galesburg, Illinois, on October 7. This monument to the famous poet and author of the six-volume life of Abraham Lincoln was dedicated on the 88th anniversary of the Lincoln-Douglas debate in Galesburg. Speakers at the dedication dinner were Marshall Field, Fanny Butcher, and Harry Hansen, and tributes were read from Archibald MacLeish, Carl Van Doren, and others.

* * *

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(Continued on page 74)

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(Continued from page 73)

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 659

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

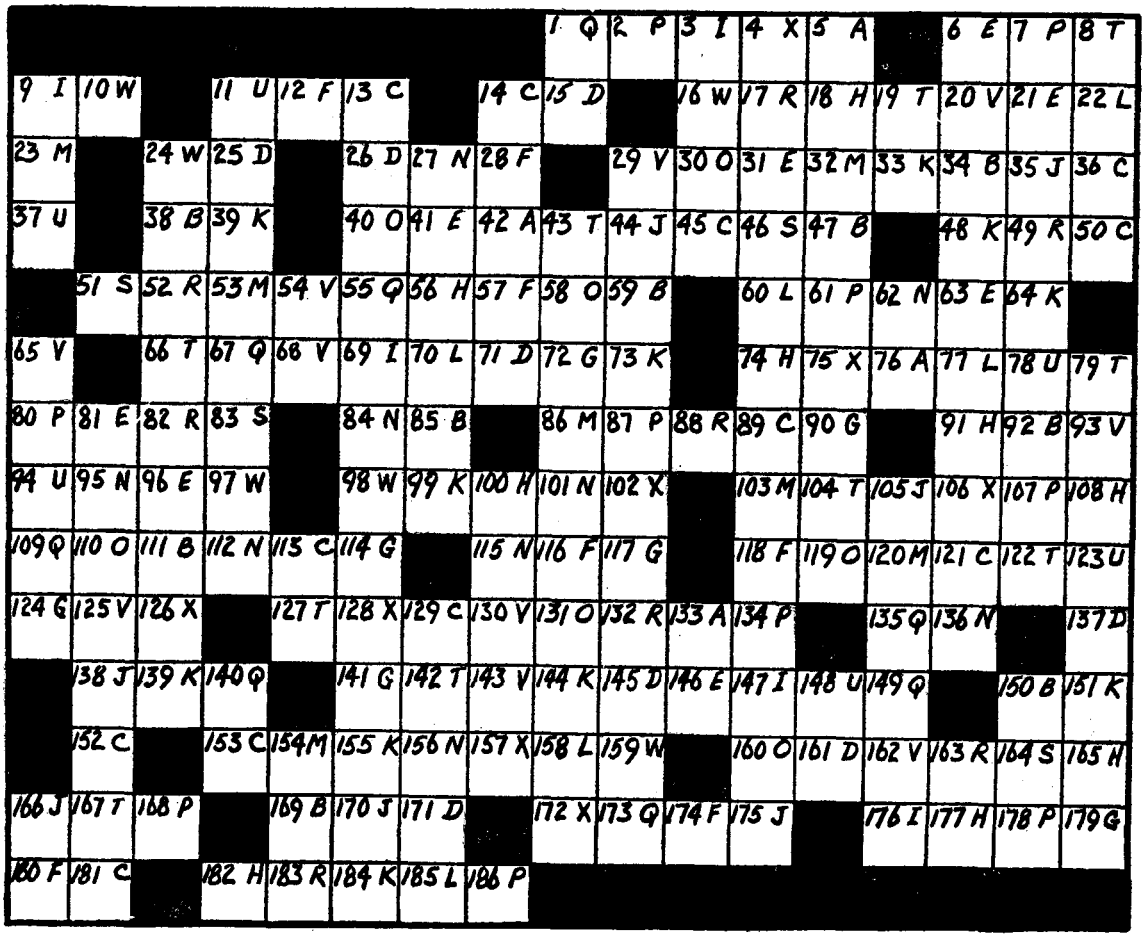
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Aspiring to show taste or skill (Colloq. in disparagement).	133 76 42 5
B. Oval or pear-shaped diamond having its entire surface cut in triangular facets.	150 85 92 38 34 47 111 169 59
C. Encysted.	129 113 153 14 121 89 45 36 152 181 13 50
D. Paroxysm of a disease (Med.)	171 161 145 26 137 15 71 25
E. "The Prince of Abyssinia" (Dr. S. Johnson).	31 41 21 146 63 6 81 96
F. A citizen who received an allotment of land in a conquered country and migrated to it without loss of citizenship (Gr. Antiq.).	180 174 28 12 57 118 116
G. Formed, originating, or taking place on the surface of the earth, as rocks (Geol.).	117 141 124 114 179 72 90
H. Of short or uncertain duration.	165 182 91 18 108 177 74 100 56
I. Feeds or runs together in a company, as sheep.	147 9 3 176 69
J. A moral, as of a story or fable.	35 105 166 138 175 44 170
K. An absurd medley.	73 139 144 33 99 155 48 184 39 64 151
L. Heedful.	60 70 77 22 158 185

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Caustic; biting; sarcastic.	120 154 103 23 32 53 86
N. An attribute; a significant appellation.	95 156 112 62 27 101 115 84 136
O. Character in "As You Like It."	160 131 40 30 110 58 119
P. One who allows his name to be used to give standing to an enterprise in which he has no responsibility.	61 7 168 80 178 186 87 107 2 134
Q. To stop talking or the like (2 wds.).	1 55 140 109 149 135 67 173
R. Title and hero of novel by Aphra Behn (1678).	17 163 52 132 49 183 82 88
S. Mother of Helen of Troy.	51 83 46 164
T. Rarely happening.	43 8 19 127 122 79 142 104 167 66
U. One of the "Seven Wise Men of Greece" recognized as founder of Greek geometry, etc. (640 (?)- 546 B.C.).	123 78 11 94 148 37
V. Not assailable or conquerable.	68 93 29 20 54 125 65 143 130 162
W. Of superior type; indicating excellence (Slang).	16 98 24 10 97 159
X. Burgoyne defeat, Sept. 19—Oct. 7, 1777 (Called also "Stillwater").	102 128 106 75 4 172 126 157

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. *The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed* WORDS. *There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.*

When the column headed WORDS *is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).*



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 19 of this issue.

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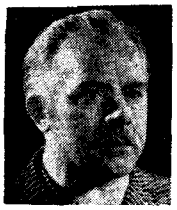
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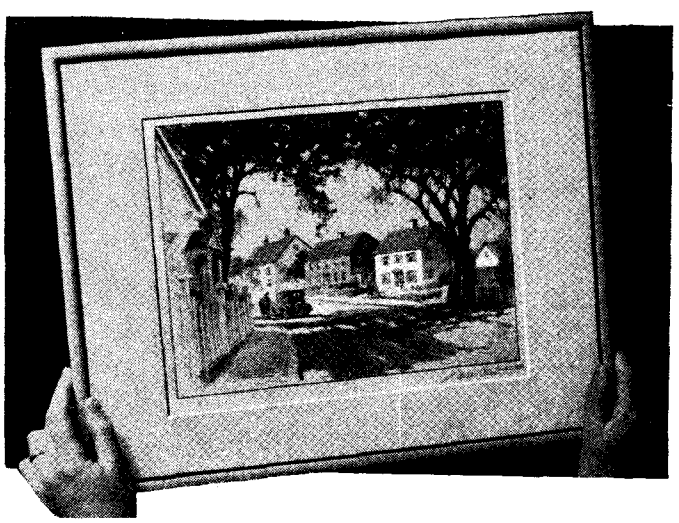
GEORGES SCHREIBER

GORDON GRANT

Why We Artists Have Banded Together to Offer You Our *Signed Originals* for ONLY $5.00 EACH



Free Catalogue Tells About This Great Nation-Wide Program, Which Brings You SIGNED ORIGINALS (Normal Value $18 to $36) By Many Of America's Most Famous Artists—For Only $5 Each!

MANY of America's foremost artists have banded together to offer a real incentive to the ownership of fine art in every American home. They have created some of their very best work for distribution, through their Associated American Artists program, *at only $5 each!*

The famous artists who have associated themselves in this art program have been given enthusiastic commendation for their undertaking. For example, the *New York Times* says: "This laudable effort seems thoroughly to have justified the vision and faith and patient labor of those responsible for the undertaking."

New Loveliness for Your Home

What exquisite new loveliness and charm these SIGNED ORIGINALS will add to your home! Nothing else you could place on your walls is in such perfect taste, so sure a touch of refinement. Your guests will admire these Originals tremendously — will never dream you obtained them for $5 each! Because their normal value ranges from $18 to $36!

These great artists (some of them are listed on this page) sign, *individually*, each of their own Originals. For the purposes of this program, they have also consented to the one price of five dollars for each—regardless of how much more their works regularly command!

Large Variety of Subjects Many Are Prize-Winners

The many subjects from which you may choose embrace a wonderful variety of themes ideally suited for every room in your home, or your office. All these are shown, with a detailed biography of each artist's background, career and awards, in the Free Illustrated Catalogue.

From among the group of individually signed Originals previously offered, many have already been purchased by more than 200 of America's greatest museums. (See partial list on this page.) And outstanding connoisseurs have eagerly added them to their own portfolios—amazed at the incredibly low price!

The edition of each Etching and Lithograph is *strictly limited*. Therefore, it is not possible to offer these Signed Originals indefinitely. Many of the subjects *previously* offered through this program are now exhausted. A large number have been awarded important prizes. Many are today worth much more than the modest five dollars originally asked for them.

Send for Free Catalogue

You will not be obligated if you send for our Free Illustrated Catalogue. Paging through it, whether or not you make any selection, will be an enjoyable experience.

But if you should decide to make a purchase, it will be shipped with the definite understanding that unless you are more than pleased, you may return it within thirty days. To cover postage and handling costs for the Catalogue, please enclose 10¢ in stamps or coin with this coupon. ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, Studio 211, 711 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

SOME OF THE FAMOUS AMERICAN ARTISTS WHO HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO THIS PROGRAM

Aaron Bohrod	Marion Greenwood	Reginald Marsh
Alexander Brook	William Gropper	Fletcher Martin
James Chapin	Lily Harmon	John McCrady
John Steuart Curry	Joseph Hirsch	Umberto Romano
Churchill Ettinger	Hans Kleiber	Margery Ryerson
Ernest Fiene	W. R. Locke	Paul Sample
Gordon Grant	Louis Lozowick	Georges Schreiber
E. Mario Granville	Luigi Lucioni	Raphael Soyer

AND MORE THAN 200 MUSEUMS NOW COLLECT THESE SAME ORIGINALS

Metropolitan Museum of Art	United States Library of Congress
Whitney Museum Collection	Rochester Memorial Art Gallery
Art Institute of Chicago	Yale University
San Francisco Museum of Art	Princeton University
Kansas City Art Institute	Cleveland Museum of Art
Taft Museum, Cincinnati	

and many others (see Catalogue)

ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS
Studio 211, 711 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

Please mail me your FREE, fully illustrated Catalogue, picturing all Signed Original Etchings and Lithographs now offered; including artists' biographies and prizes with comments by museums, critics and collectors. I enclose 10¢ in stamps or coin to cover handling and mailing.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... Zone No. (If any) ..STATE .....

Free CATALOGUE

Actual size of Catalogue, 9x12 inches, open.

OUR FREE CATALOGUE, showing the many subjects available, also includes biographies of the artists and lists of prizes and awards won; together with comments by museums, critics, and collectors.

Send for this Catalogue at once—enclosing only 10¢ for postage and handling costs—while these limited editions are still available.

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